

Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine
September, 1925

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KATHE KOLLWITZ'S "THE UPRISING"

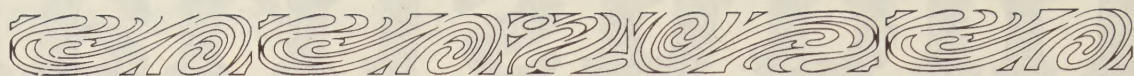
Lent by Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany.

Germany's Artist of the Masses

Evolution and Labor



Bill Stroud Does it All



The New Religion

By COVINGTON AMI



HE Unadaptable shall perish. They who cannot meet
The changing of Environments must die. On City Street
Or Country Road, wherever life has cast their bitter lot,

However high their dreams or great their love, it matters not;

However noble be their aim or fine their work, the Unfit die.

The Weaklings fail. The Strong ones win. Thorn-crowned the Christs go by
Golgothaward, while smiling Caesar mounts his golden throne

Triumphant. The Fittest shall survive. The Best the World shall own."

* * *

This is the New Religion, this the "Scientific" Creed,

Under which the Magons hunger, under which the Morgans feed;

Under which the Emmets perish, under which the Georges reign,

The shamanism blessing all the frightful works of Cain;

By which the Sons of Jacob from the Sons of Esau take,

By which the mighty Usurers the will to freedom break;

By which Love's angels vanish with Hope's fairies from the skies,

Under which the truth is smothered in an avalanche of lies!

* * *

This is the latest reason why the Knaves and Morons rule,—

The Mind that made Environment the convict of its tool!

This tells us why the Masses are the servants of Machines,—

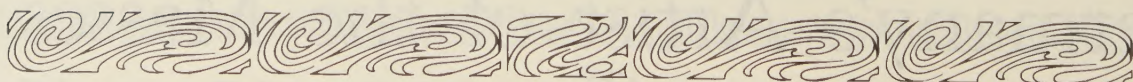
They are helpless in Environment as shadows on the screens!

* * *

Ye fools that slave in darkness that the Few may dwell in Light

'Twas **You** that made Environment,—'twas born of Labor's might—

And Yours is all the **power**, and to change it is your right.



The Industrial Pioneer

Edited By John A. Gahan

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Editorials



BRITISH LABOR SOLIDARITY WINS—

Mine operators of England posted notices at the collieries to the effect that after July 31st wages were to be cut twenty per cent. Over a million miners replied that they would strike against the decrease. Negotiations followed, resulting finally in a government subsidy to the operators calculated to be equivalent to twenty per cent of the miners' wages for a period of six months. The sum is \$50,000,000, and a beer tax is to be levied to raise the amount.

This unique action in peace time conciliation, guaranteeing, as it does, no loss of profits to the employers and none in wages for the miners, has roused the ire of the British premier, who was obliged to initiate the subsidy, and on August 6th Mr. Baldwin rose in the House of Commons to announce that the precedent constituted a "grave menace." He charged the workers with "anarchy" and declared that if they go too far they will be met with united national opposition.

What called for this warning was the solidarity pledged to the miners by railroad and marine transport workers who said that they were ready to strike with the miners if called upon to do so. Such an expression of class consciousness certainly does constitute a "grave menace" to the coal robbers of England and all other bourgeois thieves who live in indolence and luxury, surfeiting while the workers of the world endure intermittent starvation.

The miners' victory is an object lesson of tremendous import to labor everywhere. It shows how the solidarity of labor can defeat all opposition, emphasizing the fundamentally industrial nature of modern society. Mr. Baldwin, acting as the spokesman for British capitalism, may well display the greatest concern at the spectacle, realizing as he does—but as the world's wage slaves do not—that the matter of industrial power, of industrial ownership which gives this power, is based on strategy. The triple alliance of mine, rail and

marine workers forms a triune keystone of working class power in England that will yet learn to play its full part in the coming upheaval that is to dump the world's parasites from the backs of the workers.

Meanwhile the pledged concert of action of the unions of miners, railroaders and seamen of England has forced the government to act to save the mine operators, and wages for miners are not going to be slashed. Militant workers throughout the world hail this victory with rejoicing and cry "Long live the solidarity of labor!"

WE ARE NOT GANDHIS—Even leaders of reactionary trade unions occasionally refer to their organizations as being militant, implying that militancy in associations of workers for economic advancement is effective. Usually such references mark anniversary orations, while in the everyday relations between their members and the employers class collaboration is stressed and militancy is discouraged. But whatever we may think about militancy or its lack in the trade unions it is a fact that aggressiveness, the will to hold fast to every gain that has been secured and ceaselessly to struggle for additional improvement is as necessary to a real, functioning union as red blood is to a healthy, living body.

I. W. W. ideational soundness and the eager determination of its advocates to propagate the message of revolutionary industrial unionism, to establish the correctness of its theoretical position by the evidence of victories crowning its practical application, early aroused employing class antagonism. As circumstances and their tempers dictated they have seen fit to jail our members, to deport them, to lynch them, to deny free speech and press and to raid our halls. Now had we been appalled with a sense of our unworthiness or oppressed with hopelessness; had the bosses been able to beat this red devil of industrial union conviction out of us there would now be no I. W. W.

Aggressively and defiantly our speakers delivered their message to the workers; our delegates and organizers continued lining up new members; for every man sent to prison in the struggle many others joined the organization; Wobblies deported for agitating returned to agitate some more, and when the ruling class forbade our presses to operate we published our opinions notwithstanding. These are not the acts of pacifists. We are engaged in class warfare. Recognizing this belligerency between workers and employers the capitalist press does not regard it as an insoluble problem, but the fierceness with which the battles of industry are waged has compelled reflection in the language of bourgeois publications. "Wage disagreements" as they were called a few years ago are now headlined as "Industrial Warfare." With these journalistic sciolists evincing such an advance in terminology is it not time for the workers to regard their struggle as a class war?

Moreover, it is also time for well-meaning liberals to cease mentioning Wobblies as pacifists, as men and women imbued with a "turn the other cheek" spirit, or with the non-cooperation philosophy of the Indian leader, Gandhi. Recognition of class war leaves no place in our tactical program for such systems, but their influence has been active in our organization. Whenever a labor union loses its militant spirit it is in a dying condition. We have no other business as industrial unionists than that of opposing the employing class at all times and striving for the enlistment of other workers to the struggle's support.

Christianity itself, which is usually glorified as a pacifistic philosophy, hid away in the darkness of catacombs so long as its leading protagonists adhered to a non-militant philosophy, and it came out of the hole to spread over the world only when its mission was propagated at the sword's point. Gandhi's philosophy already betrays inconsistencies, and we find him quite recently saying that it is all right to fight to defend what you have. No passivity there. The I. W. W. is abreast of the times, and we are not in the age of the spinning

wheel any longer; neither, then, should our mental processes hark back to ancient pacifism that proved a failure. The working class is faced with a machine development that steadily throws larger and larger numbers of workers out of jobs; that contributes continually to capitalist concentration and working class misery. This class operates the machines socially and the solution to its problems is in the abolition of private ownership of these wealth producing tools. The I. W. W. is fighting for possession of these tools by the working class.

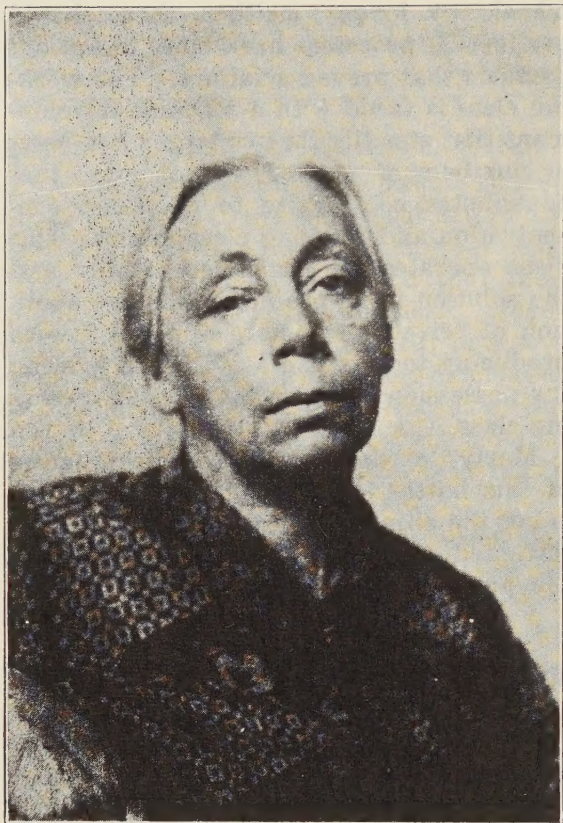
Martyrdom is incidental to the progress of this battle for proletarian freedom; it is not the objective, and any who have entertained such an idea have not grasped the purpose of our organization.

SOLIDARITY IN FARGO.—The Chamber of Commerce of Fargo, North Dakota, recently ordered its police to arrest members of the I. W. W. going through that section carrying forward organization work among agricultural workers. Twenty-two members of Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. were jailed as a result and they are being held. When release was offered to all but three of the group it was refused, the men saying that all must be freed.

This kind of concerted action is very bad for the bosses and they know it. An expression of it through the entire harvest belt has resulted in higher wages and better conditions generally for the workers. Our fellow workers started the drive properly by declining to work for the "going wages," which were around three dollars a day. They held out for five and got it. John Farmer does not know that when he beats his "hands" down in wages and living conditions he is only saving that much more to hand over to the bankers when the harvesting is over. But the bankers know it and they fight the I. W. W. to insure a substantial "steal" by fall.

Let the membership hasten at once to the support of the jailed men at Fargo and

(Continued on Page Forty-One)



Germany's =Artist of= The Masses

By
AGNES SMEDLEY

=
KÄTHE KOLLWITZ

Whose Art Is A Sword
Carving a Way For
The Working Class

"Every Talent Carries with it a Social Duty"

IN THE never-ending tide of our human history ride the laboring masses, toiling, struggling, dreaming; enslaved by their own ignorance and disunity; occasionally becoming conscious enough to revolt; and now and then throwing up personalities to show the world the wealth of suppressed beauty and genius which lies buried in the depths—genius that the human race can ill afford to do without.

One of such personalities is Käthe Kollwitz, of Germany, a woman artist of world renown who is a convinced, unbitter and earnest champion of working class emancipation. She stands among those artists who, during the past half century, have demonstrated the intimate connection between social forces and creative art. For, just as aristocratic, feudal and bourgeois society each in turn are mirrored in the art of those periods, so has society produced and continues to produce today—with historic naturalness—artists who picture the struggles of the working class. The first of such artists was the Frenchman Millet; then Delacroix, Daumier, Courbet, and the master sculptor Rodin; the Belgian Meunier, creator of the Statue of Labor; the Hollander Joseph Israel; and the Germans, Klinger, Liebermann, Fritz von Uhde, Heinrich Zille and Käthe Kollwitz.

The only woman among these artists of the period is Käthe Kollwitz. She is of special interest to us

for of all these she is the most conscious, convinced pleader for the working class; added thereto, she is a person of great simplicity, sympathy and richness of character; and not only is she one of the greatest living artists, but she is a clear product and expression of the present historical epoch. Her father was a master mason who fought in the Revolution of 1848 in Germany, and it is undoubtedly to his influence that she owes her philosophy. For he aroused in her the consciousness of social duty and always held before her the words of her grandfather that "every talent carries with it a social duty." "The Song of the Shirt," by Hood, was the first poem he taught her, and from this earliest childhood impression has sprung one of her well-known etchings, showing a miserable, poor home worker,—a mother sitting by a cradle and sewing shirts far into the night until she falls into exhausted sleep on the table.

It is not without significance that, in days when



THE PLOUGHERS

(From the cycle "The War of the Peasants," showing conditions which led up to the War.)

Lent by Emil Richter Verlag,
Dresden, Germany.

women were supposed to be capable of nothing more than housework and of caring for a dozen children, Käthe Kollwitz's father arranged for her training in drawing and painting in Königsberg, then later in Berlin and Munich. In her early twenties she married Dr. Kollwitz, a young physician and socialist who, upon graduating from Berlin University, went into the workers' section of North Berlin and, from that date 35 years ago until today, has remained the patient, often unpaid physician of the working class. The young wife not only nursed her husband's patients, but she reared two sons, and she turned her little flat into a studio.

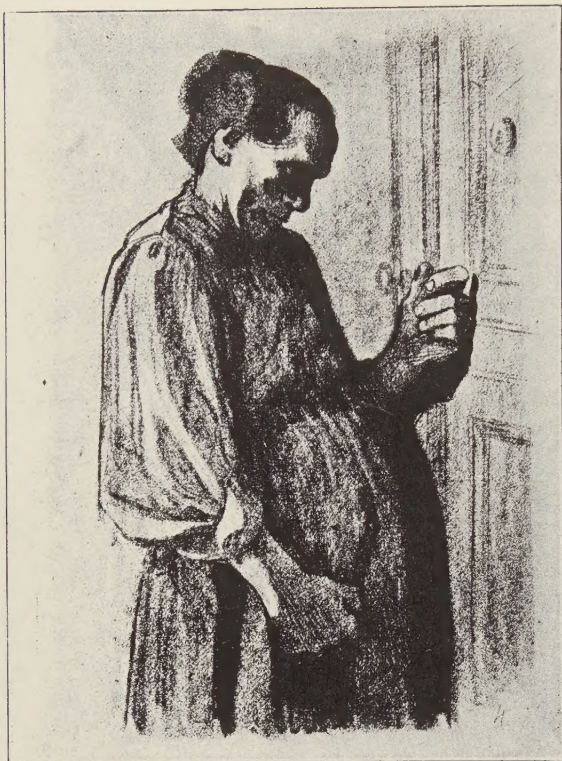
Motherhood did not prevent her from working with great intensity at her art. Her first work was "The Song of the Shirt." Her second brought her before the art world of Europe. It was a series of etchings entitled "The Weavers' Revolt," planned after having witnessed the first production of Gerhard Hauptmann's drama, "The Weavers," in 1893. The drama was subsequently suppressed by the government, but the misery of the weavers of Silesia as therein depicted had swept over the soul of the young artist; it gave her the impetus to labor for four years on six etchings which, when exhibited in the Great Art Exhibition in Berlin in 1898, won not only the medal for graphic art, but caused one of the most noted art critics of the day to write that

her creations revealed "visions wrung out of a frightful reality by a steady, strong, healthy hand; unfanatical, humanly-clear drawings, with simple, almost chaste lines."

"War of the Peasants"

The work which placed her on the pedestal of fame was her "War of the Peasants," inspired by a history of the War of the German Peasants in the 16th Century. This cycle of seven great etchings covers the following themes: (1) peasants, instead of horses, drawing ploughs; (2) the body of a peasant woman, raped and left dead in a marsh—these first two themes showing conditions which led up to the war; (3) a peasant woman sharpening a scythe in preparation for the coming conflict, her face sinister with hatred; (5) the "Outbreak," showing in the foreground the great figure of a peasant woman leader, her body tense with passion and inspiration, her arms upraised as she calls to the oncoming tide of peasants who, like the waves of an angry sea, sweep onward with mad cries. The words of Edwin Markham in "The Man with the Hoe" are recalled—

"O masters, lords and rulers of all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute questions in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?"



THE HIRED WOMAN

Lent by Emil Richter Verlag,
Dresden, Germany.

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?"

The sixth drawing of the cycle shows the imprisoned peasants, bound and coralled like wild beasts: great shoulders, upturned faces of defiant hate, crushed but not defeated; the bound, drooping body of a little boy who, with the others, had "done his bit." And, lastly, the field of slaughter at night, —the black horizon, the heaped, brute-like forms in the darkness, the bent body of a peasant mother with a lantern stealthily turning over the dead in search of her son—the ghastly face of a dead man cast in relief in the light of the lantern. This cycle of work, as well as "The Weavers' Revolt," hangs in the National Art Gallery in Berlin.

Kollwitz a Revolutionary

Only a strange kind of Jesuitical reasoning can force a person to say, after gazing at this cycle, "Käthe Kollwitz is not a revolutionary—she is **above** all that!" as some do say as they sit in evening dress about drawing rooms discussing great personalities. Yet to those who are close to life—who have touched bed-rock as it were—on the pencil of this woman artist rides an emotional conviction as deep as life, compelling them to rise with the peasants or weavers, fight with them, and lie with them on the field of battle with their dead.

Her well-known drawing entitled "The Carmagnole" pictures bloodthirsty women dancing about the guillotine of the French Revolution as members of the aristocracy were given to the knife. A wan, half-grown boy, in rags, stands in the foreground and beats a drum, his face mad with blood-lust; a stream of blood runs from under the guillotine through the cobblestone pavement; and the mad women dance and sing "The Carmagnole," one of the songs of the French Revolution.

Käthe Kollwitz is sometimes referred to as the artist of social misery. But she is more than that, although it is true that the dark side of life of the poor has occupied her more than the joyous. One of her etchings bears the inscription "Aus vielen Wunden blutest du, O Volk!"—"You bleed from many wounds, O People." And in that phrase is summed up her life-work, for she has indeed shown the wounds of "das Volk" to the world; she has pleaded, she has warned, and she has stormed the gates of heaven with them. In the first twenty years of her artistic activity her themes dealt chiefly with revolt, with uprisings and revolutions. We can follow this thread that runs through her life in all her famous works, the source of which were, as we have seen, literary.

New Concepts Born in War Period

With the beginning of the world war, however, new motives crept into her work. Life itself becomes more overwhelming, more commanding than literature or history, and thenceforth her themes deal with poverty, famine, hunger, illness, death; the **motif** of deep human love, especially between mother and child, is predominant; the **motif** of death recurs endlessly. And since her art is an intimate part of her own life's experience, we must know that her youngest son, a youth of 18, was one of the first volunteers in the war. She was deeply opposed to his enlisting. He was among the first soldiers to fall, and this tragedy in her own life may be studied in her war posters—in the misery of mothers waiting in death-like calm for news, in the posters of death; in crouching, animal-like forms expressing the grief of mothers over the dead bodies of their children. During the war she produced a series of seven woodcuts entitled "War," all expressing the deepest human tragedy. One is entitled "The Volunteers"—faces of young men, insanely intoxicated, their eyes closed, following Death beating a drum; another entitled "The Mother," picturing a woman, her face turned in fear in one direction as her outstretched arms enclose and try to protect many, many men, youth and boys; the last is "Das Volk"—in the foreground the form of "das Volk"—a face of calmness—unearthly calmness—surrounded by mad, fierce faces shrieking at it; and yet it remains calm.

Apart from many of her concrete drawings picturing death, the best-known of her works on this theme is entitled "Tod und Frau" (Death and Woman), showing death and a little child struggling for

the body of the woman—a creation of deepest subjective origin. Such art critics as Kaemmerer* state that this work can be classed with any of the masterpieces of the immortal Michael Angelo. But to class it with the symbolic masterpieces of Rodin seems more appropriate. Certainly it is majestic: the beautiful, strong, nude body of the mother struggling against the grip of death from the back, while the tender hands of a little child cling to her from the front. The work, like other deeply human symbolic creations, is capable of many interpretations: we may say it is life struggling against death; we may say it is life and death struggling for the mother; we may say it is the working class struggling for emancipation; we may say it is subjected peoples struggling against oppression.

By this one drawing alone—not to mention others—we see that the creations of this artist of the oppressed are not only historical, not only social, but that they touch also the eternal, elemental, primeval instinct of Life, as old as the first amoeba,—to picture which gives immortality to any work. Added thereto is her technique, for—apart from her pen and pencil drawings, her woodcuts, and

the sculpture on which she privately works—she is classed as one of the greatest living masters of the art of etching. Her technique can be understood by the simplest and most unlettered of us, and it is typical of her that she did not choose a form of expression which could be understood only by the initiated, the learned, in art. Her technique, on the contrary, is as close to our understanding as are her themes to our hearts. It is a simplification of the idea of the forces driving the masses—forces as primitive and elemental as the sea or the storm: fear, hatred, rebellion against injustice; and the hunger for love, for happiness, for freedom that is the right of all that exists. In a few lines only she will picture her idea—suppressing detail. With the exception of a few of her creations, the details of the body concern her little, and throughout it is the expression in the face and hands at which she aims. The sophisticated might laugh when told that she has made innumerable etchings of the worn, character-full faces of working women, as well as numberless sketches of the hands of workmen,—large, rough, strong hands which to see is to love for their beauty and strength.

Moving With the Battle of Life

Added to her other works of art, we find countless studies taken from the working class of today

* KAETHE KOLLWITZ, *A History of Art of Spiritual and Social Purpose*, by Ludwig Kaemmerer. Published by the Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany, 1923.



THE PRISONERS
(From the cycle "The War of the Peasants")

Lent by Emil Richter Verlag,
Dresden, Germany.



DEATH AND WOMAN

Lent by Emil Richter Verlag,
Dresden, Germany.

—the theme of the mother and child predominating. And there are many other productions, such as her "Gretchen" drawings, inspired by the immortal Goethe, of whom we, in America, unfortunately and to our loss, know practically nothing. One of her drawings is of a hired woman, soon to become a mother, her head bowed in pain, as she stands in the act of knocking on the door of her elegant mistress. Perhaps the most gripping of her posters is the one entitled "Bread." Another poster is "Nachgeboren"—meaning the children born after the war; half-starved, stunted children gaze dumbly upon the war-torn world into which they have been brought. Still another poster of note is a crude outline of a miserable old woman, her arms upraised in hopeless questioning, as if she has come to the end and merely awaits the hand of destiny.

In later creations the artist has thrown her whole soul into forms of pathos and solicitude. We see sick mothers gazing into the faces of hungry, questioning children; a working mother laughing in the joy of her baby: "Unemployed"—a man sitting and gazing into space, his thin chin sunk on one hand, while his wife lies with one tender baby in her arms, two other children sleeping in exhaustion on her sick bed.

Her Greatness Recognized By the World

Today the world brings honors to the door of this artist of the masses; the National Art Gallery in Berlin, the famous Art Gallery in Dresden, as well as other museums of art throughout Germany, consider it an honor to own and keep her originals on exhibition; valuable medals have been presented to her; the Ministry of Education of the German government has conferred upon her the

title of Professor—and in Germany "Professor" is an official academic title of the highest order. Lengthy, learned books, such as Kaemmerer's book already mentioned, as well as others* have been written on her life and work, and all parties try to explain just how it is that she is, or is not, a revolutionary, and therefore a follower of their programs. But she belongs to no political party, nor is she interested in them. She is now 58 years of age, and remains unimpressed by attentions, medals, books, or professorships. Her ceaseless physical activity would lead one to believe she is no more than 40. Her life is as simple as that of an ordinary working woman, and she still lives in the Workers' Section in North Berlin. Her gaze is direct and her voice startlingly strong and she sees far beyond those who bring her superficial, external tributes or who try to use her for their own propaganda purposes. She is a silent person, but when she speaks it is with great directness, without trimmings to suit the prejudices of her hearers. Many people, before meeting her, expect to see a bitter woman. But they see, instead, a kind—very kind—woman to whom love—strong love, however—is the rule of life. And in speaking with her one always has the impression that truth alone is of value to her.

"A Product of the Working Class"

She could have wrung a fortune from her art, for she is famous throughout Continental Europe; but she considers that she is a product of the working class and that her talent belongs to the masses. "Every talent carries with it a social duty" is written large upon her soul. Her countless posters, which may be seen throughout Europe,

* DIE ZEICHNER DES VOLKS: Kollwitz and Zille, by Adolpf Heilborn. Published by the Rembrandt Verlag, Berlin—Zehlendorf.

have been drawn for all kinds of relief committees, for labor organizations, for famine committees, for exhibitions of the work of home workers, and many of them have been done without cost. She has not, as have many artists, considered her talent as her personal property; she is a product of certain social forces, to which her talent is due.

"What has been the purpose of your life's work—what have you tried to achieve?" the writer of these lines once asked Käthe Kollwitz.

"I have tried to arouse and awaken mankind," she replied.

"And why have you devoted yourself to the working class instead of to the upper class, like many other artists?"

"Why? Why—the working class has beauty and strength and purpose in life. I have never been able to see beauty in the upper class, educated person; he's superficial; he's not natural nor true; he's not honest, and he's not a human being in every sense of the word."

The work of this woman artist shows us that the working class is not only as she says, but that it has all the human weaknesses, pettiness and often anti-social passions, as well a real human strength, greatness and social purpose. Yet, whatever may be the immediate effect of the work of Käthe Kollwitz, two things are clear to us: when the present historical period has passed into time, her art will stand as a record of the struggle of the working class to build a new world; and, on the other hand, it will endure, as do the dramas of the ancient Greeks, because it has, with strong, simple technique, brought to conscious expression certain deeply-human and psychological problems and truths which are common to all men through all time.

BOYCOTT — Harvest Hands Take Notice!

Working men are being arrested in Fargo for riding trains to the Harvest Fields.

As the Citizens and Business Men of Fargo have made no protest against these arrests of Harvest Hands, therefore they must approve of the arrests.

A Boycott has been declared against all restaurants, hotels, rooming houses and business houses in Fargo, until the 73 arrested workers are released and arrests for train riding ceases.

It is the duty of every working man and woman to support this Boycott.

Don't spend any money in Fargo until these men are Free!
Signed: COMMITTEE.

For further information apply at Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union Hall, 110 Front Street, Fargo, N. D.

The Lust for Power

By W. C. OULD

MANY innocents abroad are greatly worried lest "all incentive" to the exercise of executive ability will be destroyed once the profit incentive is abolished by society. They need not be. The lust for power will more than offset the loss. This all my experience in the labor movement and with cooperative enterprises, plus my experience in political parties, plus a wide reading of ancient and modern history, seems to bear out.

As a matter of fact, the profit incentive is the lowest of all urges determining the action of a real executive, while the lust for power is among the highest, strange and heretical as this may sound. It all depends on what lines, and for what cause, the executive is lusting for power.

Already there are hundreds and thousands of men and women in the labor and radical movements who could make far bigger wages if they were governed by the profit incentive in their actions; but, consciously or unconsciously, the lust for power drives them on to so-called sacrifices for The Cause. This applies as truly to a Debs and a Mother Jones as it does to a Lenin and a Trotsky, to a Christ as it does to a Mahomet.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, the lust for power has been a far greater motive force in human evolution than "democratic" historians want to admit. The working class, and especially the American working class, is today in its present subject state almost solely and entirely because it has no real, true lust for power. This applies especially to all craft unionism regardless of affiliation. It not only has no lust for real power—it fears it. Everywhere it dodges industrial and social responsibility, is content to take orders so long as its belly is reasonably full. So ludicrous on the part of the A. F. of L. "leaders" is this fear of the assumption of power that they hardly ever open their mouths that they do not immediately assure their enemies and the world that they have no intention and no desire whatsoever to interfere with any of the fundamentals of wage slavery, or capitalism, as this form of robbery is euphemistically styled. So greatly, indeed, do they fear the assumption of power by the working class that they not only fight all workers who dare raise the cry of "All Power to the Workers!" in the most vicious and treasonable manner possible, but they have gone to the shameless length of separating themselves entirely from the world labor movement and to O. K-ing every move of the rotten American imperialists on the world checkerboard, leaving to the lords of the plunderbunds the dictation of the policies to be pursued by the American government regarding international labor and all other problems.

Here, though, the "leaders" of "organized labor" are merely casting the intellectual shadow of the groups they represent, for they speak not truth who

assert that the Gomperses and Lewises, the Johnsons and Farringtons do not truly represent the aims and ideals (if willingness to sell oneself children and class into eternal slavery for a cent an hour advance in wages can be called idealism) of the A. F. of L. The "leaders" are what they are because their rank and file are what they are, and all of them are what they are because the American working class has not yet developed a lust for power.

That is why, because they fear the assumption of power, which always and inevitably means the assumption of economic and social responsibility and all the penalties and dangers thereof, that "organized labor" in the United States was scared almost as stiff as was the plutocracy when the Russian revolution hurled the tsardom into the sea of blood and terror that is crimsoned off on the map of history as "Capitalist Civilization."

Whether it be a subject race, a subject nation, or a subject class, not until it develops a lust for power can it hope for freedom—for the powerless are always slaves, and that whether their chains are gilded or not.

The sooner the American working class wakes up and learns this and recaptures and reincarnates in itself something at least of the fighting spirit of its frontiersmen forefathers, the better it will be for the American working class, the republic and the world.

Lastly, in this highly industrialized, supertrusterified nation, the working class has but one road left by which it can march to the real conquest of power, and the name of that road is "Industrial Unionism," for it is only through its **economic** organizations that the working class can hope to hold for itself what is taken by it, whether the takings be higher wages, shorter hours, better social conditions, or the world and all that is in it,—for it is the **holding** and not the **taking** that counts, a fact the workers should always remember.

Finally, remember this: In all organizations, "God—Power—is on the side of the heaviest battalions, but the heaviest battalions are composed of three-quarters spirit and one-quarter matter." This has been proven time after time by the I. W. W. Let our young men and women prove it once again and more gloriously than ever before!

All Power to the Workers.

Bill Stroud Does it All

By ALBERT WEHDE

This powerful story by the co-author of "Finger Prints Can Be Forged" sets forth an incident of prison existence which is just one tragedy of the endless line of tragedies for which the system of incarceration is guilty. We think no more impressive evidence of the effect of prison environment on conduct has ever been written.

VISITING days were always the hardest for me at Leavenworth. Sightseers came in droves on Tuesdays—curious persons, mostly from other towns and frequently from far away, to whom the sight of caged humans, moving automaton-like at their tasks, was a thrill to be remembered for years. Obviously many of the visitors had no legitimate business there; those who actually came to talk with relatives or friends behind the bars were in the minority. . . More than half of those who came were women—glib flappers, older women wearing too much rouge, unsatisfied ones in the dangerous age, who played their own emotional needs against the needs of starved men within the walls, and made the hunger of these men more desperate than before.

Escorted through the prison by guards, they gazed upon the gray-clad inmates of the workshops, where shoes and shirts were made and where printing was done. A talkative crowd these visitors for the most part, courting adventure, dropping notes to be found by prisoners, soliciting clandestine correspondence, and thus paving the way for affairs of passion after the men concerned were free again. Some of the women were social exiles, as much outcasts as the men they pitied in the prison, even though they had the freedom of the streets. . .

But there was one woman who did not come on regular visiting days. The first time I caught sight of her I was struck with wonder. It was on a Sunday, which is not a day for callers. She came toward me in the corridor of the main building. I was new to the prison, and almost spoke to her, but remembered in time the rule which forbids inmates to address visitors. . . . She was in black, and her dress was worn and rusty with age. Her hands and face were those of one who had been battered with storms. At the end of the corridor she turned to the left, into the brick-paved alley, passed along the mess-hall and beyond to the right, where I saw her enter the door of a house that is synonymous with burial alive—the house of permanent isolation.

"Who is that?" I asked an old-timer near by.

"Bill Stroud's mother. She has a special permit to visit him on Sundays. I don't know how she got it."

My dormant imagination was aroused. It is the way with all prisoners. One gets to musing and if one stays long enough one becomes prison-simple. The mind wanders, things appear in an exaggerated light. Surrounded by evil, day after day, year after year, one learns to disbelieve the existence of all

virtue, to deny it, and to ascribe sinister motives to every human act. Some men succumb to this mental aberration in a few weeks, others withstand it for months, for years perhaps—but it gets them all in the end. I tried consciously to retain my belief in the inborn good of all mankind and looked for virtue everywhere. I hungered for company of decent people—a boon denied to those who need it most. Association in the flesh being barred, I sought for it in the spirit, and dug out of the dead past the memories of all the fine characters which had touched my life. My days and nights were spent in reveries of the long ago, blessed reveries, for they took me away from the ghastly and unclean present; made me forget, for hours at least, the faces of my fellows, most of whose eyes mirrored vice and depravity, weakness and insanity. Scrutinizing new faces, always trying to fathom their tragedies, and struck by the unexpected sight of a woman in a man's prison, and on a day not a visiting day, my interest was doubly aroused. I must learn the story of her sorrows.

From that day on I looked forward to each Sunday hoping to catch a glimpse of this old mother who occupied my mind quite as much as did the memory of my own mother awaiting the day of my return home. With my face pressed against the bars of my cell, eagerly scanning the yard, I saw Mrs. Stroud often, but only once did I have the opportunity of passing near her.

I was called to the deputy warden's office one Sunday morning and as I neared the entrance of the building within which this functionary's quarters are located and which also contains the cells for permanent isolation, I met the old woman coming out. There was the pathetically sweet look on her face that I had observed before, and I dared whisper a "good morning." She answered with a

glance of warmhearted friendliness. My eyes followed her and I saw her turn to cast one lingering glance at the red brick walls of her living son's coffin. Then she passed on, tears hanging from her lashes, though her face illumined with a glow of faint but exquisite happiness.

I inquired into her son's history.

Bill Stroud came from Alaska on a ten-year sentence for homicide. His lack of mental poise culminating in the taking of a life, was to be corrected by lengthy intimate association with oil stock promoters, bootleggers, dopeheads, counterfeiters and sadistic prison guards. The cure, though prescribed with the best possible intentions, did not take.

The most absorbing chapters of human history are devoted to man's errors, though few occupy themselves with it. Unlimited energy is spent in throwing the limelight of investigation on the accomplished deed; the thought which impelled the deed, the source from which the thought sprang, the conditions which developed it, are persistently ignored. Swat the fly is the maxim, while its breeding place remains undisturbed. I know nothing of the details of Stroud's first homicide. But it was not a premeditated murder—that much appears from the measure of punishment pronounced upon him. It was a deed of passion, and men giving way to passion must be restrained. Prison life is physical restraint for the time being. The spirit roams in an imaginary world, breeds thoughts of revenge; fantasy develops weird pictures, a breeding ground *par excellence* of all that is evil and vicious and dehumanizing.

Prison guards are constitutionally devoid of ambition. Aversion to creative effort is the only mental prerequisite fitting a man to become a keeper of caged unfortunates. Drowsing idly in the sun, watching others stall at their labors, year in year out, does not improve man's mental nor physical make-up. Lack of exercise spoils the digestion, and when dyspeptics are clad in blue cloth trimmed with lace and gilt buttons they are certain to take advantage of their authority by venting every ill humor on their hapless charges. For a prisoner to complain against his keeper is to invite the most ruthless persecution. He is beyond the pale of every law.

Detailed to work with a gang whose overseer was particularly given to practicing subtle chicaneries on prisoners, Stroud brooded and grew bitter. He abhorred his surroundings and hated in particular the guard who every day showed his unfitness for the job he held. Bill could have done away with himself; prisoners do sometimes, but that was not his way. He decided to take the guard with him to eternity.

He managed to conceal a table knife, blunt enough not to be considered a weapon. During many unobserved hours he sharpened and pointed it by whetting it on a stone. One day, during the noon meal, his persecutor stood near his table.

He raised his hand in token of a request he wished to make. The guard approached and Stroud plunged the steel into his heart.

Prisoners and guards stood aghast, pale and trembling. The murderer brandished the knife. None dared approach him. He pointed it at his own heart, then laughed raucously, threw it to the floor and said:

"Take me to isolation!"

They did. He was tried for first degree murder. There were no extenuating circumstances, at least none could imagine any, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

His mother came from Alaska. The small home he had provided for her was sold to enable her to make the long journey. She arrived penniless. No matter to her, she must be near her son, hold him to her heart once more, and bring him her blessing.

Sometimes the wheels of human justice work like the mills of the gods. They are damnably slow, but there the similarity ceases. The gallows were built, in the prison yard, but the day of execution was deferred. The old mother, without means of support, scrubbed floors in Leavenworth village and did washing, anything to earn a crust of bread. She visited her doomed boy as often as the rules permitted and brought him the few permissible luxuries she was able to procure.

On the evening before the hangman was to discharge his duties came a commutation of sentence—condemnation to a lingering death in permanent isolation.

"He is a tough guy," other prisoners said. "He would kill you as quickly as that!" and they snapped their fingers to indicate how easily and quickly Bill Stroud would take a life.

I pondered, trying to figure out what deep-seated emotion would induce a man to commit a deed that would only render his condition more acrid. He could not hope to evade the most stringent punishment, that would at once and forever do away with every possibility of freedom and a life worth the living. I felt sure that I never could do such a thing no matter what sinister influences might be brought to bear upon me. And when I considered that every violation of prison rule, even the slightest insubordination indulged in by a single prisoner, necessarily compels the warden to introduce still harsher measures of restraint under which all inmates must suffer, I felt bitter towards Stroud. If his fellow prisoners were not worthy of any consideration, how about his own mother? Should he not have behaved himself and abided in patience for her sake? Like the Pharisee, I thought myself better than he.

Soon after the morning's meal has been disposed of, the signal is given for "sick call," and all the ailing lined up according to their places of employment, march to the hospital where they await their turn standing outside in long lines. Gang after

gang enters, the men file past a little window where they state their "symptoms," receive a few pills or powders, and proceed to their stations. Only the visibly ill are ushered into a small operating room where their temperature is recorded and some pretense at treatment is made. Prisoners are detailed for that work, only the severest cases being taken in hand by the prison's solitary physician who must look after the physical ills of 2600 men—3300 now (May 19, 1925).

It was in the early spring, the "flu" had made its appearance, and the hospital was overcrowded. There was a paucity of nurses, the warden had issued a call for volunteers for sick-room service, and the response was a credit to the inmates. Great numbers solicited the opportunity of ameliorating the sufferings of their companions.

I had spent a restless night, I was feverish, had pains in muscles and bones, my throat was raw. In the morning I joined the "sick call" and went to the hospital building. For half an hour I stood in line outside in a drizzling rain. At last our file was permitted to enter and in due time I went in the operating room. Its walls were lined with sick men and dope fiends. There was no privacy. Venereals received their treatments in plain view of all. Disgust increased my ill feeling and my turn came none too soon, for I was becoming nauseated. My temperature was noted.

"Number 16576 has 104 fever; put him to bed!" the attendant, a Saint Louis counterfeiter and forger, called out, and I was taken to an upper story.

The room I was taken to was a large one and would have been airy had it not been overcrowded. Normally there were two rows of beds, heads towards the walls, feet to the center, with ample passage-way between. Now the beds were moved close together, a foot apart, and the gangway leading across the room, between the foot-ends of the two rows, was likewise filled with cots. I was put into one of them.

Just what treatment I received I do not know, for I have no recollection of seeing the physician. I know that ice bags were put on my head, but that is all I can remember of that first day in hospital. Night came, and what happened then is forever graven into my memory.

A voluntary nurse, nicknamed "Frenchy" was assigned to stay with me. He was solicitous, even tender, took my temperature at intervals and made the required cold applications.

In a regular bed, the foot-end close to my head, lay a red-headed military prisoner who was recovering from an operation for appendicitis. As the hour grew late the redhead and my nurse considered themselves safe from interference. The former turned in his bed, so that he lay with his head at the foot-end of it and in close proximity to where my nurse was ministering to me. The two conversed in low tones, and though their words were whispered, each one resounded on my ears with

painful loudness. Both were serving sentences for unspeakable crimes, and now they boastfully gloried in their degenerate impulses.

Footsteps emanated from the next room, connected with mine by a passageway, along one side of which were several enclosed toilets. The redhead quickly reversed his position, Frenchy occupied himself with the ice bag and quiet ensued. I felt sickened, jumped out of my cot, ran toward and entered the first toilet. Instantly a rough voice yelled:

"Get out of there! Can't you read that sign? Get out, I say, that toilet is for venereals."

It was Beck, the hospital guard. He said much more than that, but it was not what he said as much as the way he said it that upset me completely. My impotence galled upon me, my helplessness embittered me and engendered in me the wish to commit murder.

I went into the next compartment. It had no door, and from here I could see a table upon which were the rests of the night nurse's meal, with spoon, knife and fork. "If that knife could only cut anything," I mused . . . and I thought of Stroud. . . .

Then my eyes became riveted to the fork. Its prongs seemed sharp enough—there was no small, still voice to detain me, there was only urge: "Take the fork and jab it into his belly—deep, deep"—and I argued with malevolent logic: "It is unclean, full of food-rests. It will penetrate his intestines. It will cause gangrene which is sure to kill him, and he will live long enough to know why you did it."

Vicious thoughts raced and raged in my brain. What did I care for consequences? Not a bit. I felt that no jury would convict any man for a deed committed under a temperature of 108.

"Hell, man," I said to myself, "you are out of your head; you are not responsible for what you do. Go ahead, run that fork into Beck's guts. Kill him. Be a hero like Stroud is a hero. And what if they do hang you? You will merely give your life for the betterment of the world. Life is such a little thing to give. You will die for your fellow prisoners—it's all right with Christ!"

With these thoughts I sneaked across the narrow way to the table, took the fork, hid it under my shirt and went back to my cot. There I lay, hour after hour, my temples beating as the hammer blows and my brain possessed with the one thought: "Kill, kill!"

But Beck did not pass that way again that night, nor did any other guard. In the morning I was given a narcotic and became quiet.

Would I have killed Beck? I hope not—though I fear yes!

Weeks passed. I had recovered and was working again in my allotted station, which was the laboratory for personal identification, connected

with the photographer's shop where every new-comer's picture is taken.

One day the word passed:

"Stroud is coming!"

It was true. The term of his first sentence had expired and he was now to begin his second term, life. "Doing it all," as prison parlance expresses it. In accordance with the rules he had to be re-photographed and re-booked.

I was eager to see him. My experience in the hospital had caused me to apologize mentally, but sincerely and often, for the unkind thoughts I had harbored against him. Though his act was an error, his spirit of self-sacrifice impressed me. Is it not the same that imbued von Winkelried?

He came accompanied by the dressing-in officer. His candid face and friendly smile contrasted sharply with the brutal and vicious appearance of the average convict. He was tall, gray-eyed and

slightly stooped. The flesh of his cheeks seemed transparent in its prison pallor. Four years he had passed in solitary confinement. His visit to the photographer was the only break in his monotony, the only one to dwell upon during the rest of his life. It was an adventure to him and he showed it in every glance and by every word he spoke or heard spoken. The eager curiosity with which he viewed every face and every object was pathetic. His guard was not inhuman and while he did not countenance extended conversation, he did permit a few commonplaces.

"What are you in for?" Stroud asked me.

"I am a political," I replied.

"Are you a pacifist?" He looked at me quizzically.

"No, I am German and . . ."

Here the guard raised a warning finger and led him back to his sepulchre.

PROCLAMATION

THROUGH THE PRESS OF ALL COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD TO THE SEAMEN'S ASSOCIATIONS OF ALL COUNTRIES, LABOUR ORGANIZATIONS, LABOUR MOVEMENT PROMOTERS, AND ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED:

After three times of shedding the blood of unarmed Chinese students, labourers, and parading girls and boys in Shanghai, Hankow, Shameen and Canton; and four raids of colleges; and dozens of assaults, beatings and severe physical injuries applied to Chinese citizens, the Shanghai Branch of the Chinese Seamen's Union now ranks among the list of victims of the foreign haughty, greedy and barbarous imperialists at Shanghai.

The said office was raided, without any reason, nor any official notice, at 5:40 P. M. July 3rd, 1925, by fully armed police and detectives. Officers and members of the Union were driven out without time to take any personal effects, and the office was immediately locked and sealed up.

What right has the foreign municipal council to do this? The Chinese Seamen have rendered good service to all countries of the world—that is, to mankind, and now we, together with our race, are suffering from such a vexatious and inhumane torture! Can you bear to hold aloof, without giving your immediate and needed help to suppress imperialism, and to efface the shame of mankind?

Our Enemy is your Enemy! Our Defeat is your Defeat!

Give us your helping hand without delay for the sake of civilization and the future of mankind! Else you and all of us will always fall!!!

THE WHOLE BODY OF CHINESE SEAMEN, WHARF AND TUG WORKERS, Shanghai, July 4th, 1925.

Evolution and Labor

By ROBERT WHITAKER

THE other day a girl walked into my office and laid a large envelope in my hand. The envelope contained a manuscript poem of considerable length, and I thought at first glance that I might as well be done with her at once and tell her that we do not use much verse, and only brief bits, in The Open Forum, of which I happened to be editor. However, she was so quiet about it, and so altogether unpretentious in her manner, that as a matter of courtesy I read it, while she sat in silence at my left. The poem startled me, rather bewildered me, I confess. It had literary quality, which was enough in itself to justify some surprise. And it was frankly, even brutally violent, in its conclusion. "Who wrote this?" I asked, with more show of interest than I had manifested up to that time.

"My father," she replied simply.

"Ask him to come in and see me," I said, and she went her way. The next day her father called. He was a plain-appearing man, who looked like a laborer of the more serious type, but there was nothing otherwise unusual about his bearing. I satisfied myself that there was nothing violent or abnormal about him, and that his poem was an expression of something deeper than the literal reading of the words would imply. It was a discussion of evolution, certainly not from the standpoint of the Fundamentalists, and quite as evidently not a championing of the scientists. I had felt for days that something needed to be said on this subject which neither side had uttered, and was not likely to utter. And here it was. Perhaps you will like to read the poem yourselves, you who have not already found it in our Open Forum.

We Miserables

By FRANK FORBES

We both, low born.
As children, we knew the gutter;
Later I, the perils of the sea,
The danger of the deep bored mine,
The toil and risks of foundries,
And now at fifty,
The mule-like lot of daily ditch digging.
She, the factory,
And other bumbing drudgery;
And then, the giving of birth to seven children.

And we quarrel;
And curse our fate;
And twice came to blows!
Once because I took too beastly to drinking,
And again, during a strike,
When hungry and the children were crying for bread,
She wanted me to scab;
Didn't let me in peace about it,
But nagged, and nagged;
Wherefore I struck her!

Our children, too, are rough-necks and ignorant;
But at that, not really bad.
They are proud and pay their way.
The girls work in laundries and factories;
The boys, in foundries and sell papers.
One is a messenger boy.
One of the girls seems born for better things.
She's pretty, dresses neatly, and reads novels;
But is disgusted with life!
Long hours of drudgery make her unhappy.
She is broken hearted!
One of the boys lost both his legs in the foundry,—
Now sells pencils, and collar buttons,
And shoe strings from a cripple's chair.

Nice looking fellow, too;
But ill-tempered;
And though good to his mother,
Curses me for having had him born. . . .
And so, as a whole, we're not a bad lot.
No, as a whole, we're not a really bad lot!

But my point:—
Why, then, Mr. Science, and Mr. Progress,
And Mr. Evolution, and Mr. This, and Mr. That,—
Why, jeer, and pook, and say:
"You fool, there is no Beautiful City!
You fool, there is no Eternal Summer!"—
And WHY isn't there?
THERE SHOULD BE. . . .
For we're cold—we miserable;
And are dying to pitch tent in a warm land.
Are dying to know the glory of a perfect day.

Ah! I know,
You'd like to accommodate us,
For you know we deserve to be,—we miserable;
But you're square, and loyal;
You mustn't falsify facts.
For facts are facts. Two and two make four, not five.
I know. In what I read
In your great, illumining books,
It shows plainly and positively that there's no such world
As we—we miserable, dream of.

No, there's nothing to be expected.
Nothing but six feet under ground.
Yes, I know.
I hear all about that at the socialists' meetings, too.
Also at the Union and at the saloon.
And I tell you, those fellows know.
They're scum and slaves, but they KNOW.
They read all your books;
Everything; and understand.
They know more than a lot of professors.
And they love you, and preach, and spread your gospel.
They'll soon have us all believe in your way,—
In your big, illumining way!
There'll be no more humbug. No more fairy tales.

No more dreams of that Beautiful City.
Even the most low and miserable of the like of me,
Will know that life is to be lived here only, and now;
And that all beyond is emptiness and darkness.
And that we, the such as I,
Will be comforted by the grace of your wisdom,
That if we were fated to live a living hell in this world,
We'll not have to fear to live another in the next! that . . .
W-H-A-T! ? ?
Damn if you ain't mocking me!
There's something wrong in that.
Some terrible mistake.
You're fooling me!—You keep me down,
Live on my hide, and suck my blood!

Up! Up! comrades!
Let's make trouble for these high-brow stiffs!
They're swindling us!
Like staid bishops whom they scorn,
They pass among us and bull us
With their views of "new aspects,"—
And we believe, and crawl. . . .
Certainly! It pays them.
It's their bread and butter;
The making of their careers and reputations.
No! Let's not stand for it,—
Modern, Pagan, Socialist, Atheist, Evolutionist,—
They give us nothing;
No more than the priests do—whom they scorn.

Look about you and see where you're at.
 Nothing to live for now.
 And nothing to expect hereafter.
 What do we care about their brag
 Of what will be one hundred years from now?
 No! Quit applaud!—and instead,
 Snarl, bite, burn, rape, kill, ruin,—
 Or else, make them come through with the healing goods
 Right now. N-O-W.
 Do that! make them come through—or else help yourself!—
 Damn if I for my part won't get my sharp razor;
 And I know it's sharp;
 For that's my only pastime in my skinny little hour
 Of evening rest;
 Keeping it going on the honing stone,
 Stick my pipe in my mouth,
 Grin, and watch the kiddies fight.
 Well, that's what I'll do, get my razor
 And cut my employer's throat.
 He is rich; and I know where he keeps a chest full of gold.
 I will steal it.—
 And—hell! as you say, when you're dead you're dead!
 Take a chance; blow somewhere where it's safe,
 And at least, until I get caught,
 Give myself one hell of a good time!

There is a chance, of course, that some who read this, being of the invincibly literalist type, may still be inclined to take it verbally, and for their sake I am going to say again that this is poetry, and not prose, imagination and not argument, interpretation, and not advice. Nobody need sharpen his razor on account of this verse, but whoever will read it understandingly may sharpen his wits.

For this writer has seen through the sham of the evolution controversy as very few of even the workers seem to have sensed it yet. He is willing enough to admit the poor foundations of fundamentalism and traditionalism in general. But he sees also what children the scientists are, what pretenders to a wisdom which is not theirs. Because his own approach is from the standpoint of life itself. And what have these scientists to give those who are doing the world's work and are caught in the mess of world affairs? It is not for himself that he makes his hero conclude with a savage reaching for his razor and a proposal to cut his boss's throat. This is not the solution that he would commend. It is rather a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theorizing of the "advanced" folks of all kinds. "Well, suppose you are right," he says; "what of it?" And then he satirizes them unmercifully by suggesting that if their wisdom is the last word, the poor devils who slave might as well take what they can get, in any way they can get it, right now.

Newspaper Sensationalism About Dayton

The New Republic complains that the newspapers and the lawyers have made a cheap sensation out of the Tennessee case. Of course they have, for the same reason that this man of the poem proposes to reach for his razor, because there is bread and butter in it—and cake. Well, the workers want cake, too, do they not? And how do the evolutionists propose to deal with their wants? Relief is coming, say the natural scientists, in perhaps ten thousand or a hundred thousand years. The radical revolutionist speeds it up and says, in another generation. But if this life is the whole story a man might as well wait for a hundred thousand years as wait another generation. Why wait at all? Why not take it now? Others take

what they want by sensationalism, and any device that will work.

Over against this bold utterance by Frank Forbes, who indicts both sides in the Evolution controversy because they have neither of them anything to give the workingman, and are both fiddling while Rome burns, let me put another bit of verse by one who has made fame and fortune by playing a very different tune. Walt Mason's popularity is not merely a matter of the type device that he uses, paragraphic rhyme prose, but is largely due to the fact that he stays safely within the realm of the commonplace and the neutral zone. Here is his treatment of Evolution. I quote merely the last lines of his paragraph, entitled, "ANCESTRY," but the whole of it is in the same key.

"I strive to dodge the bogie, debt, when buying things
 I pay the dough,
 And let the four-eyed savants sweat o'er problems of
 the long ago.
 It may be they are talking bunk, it may be what they
 say is true,
 But there's no prehistoric monk can stop me when
 I've work to do."

Popular Rhymester Plays Safe

The same mail, and the same letter which brought me this from Walt Mason brought another of his bits of daily doggerel, "THE NORTH POLE." In this he deals with the people who deride the Arctic explorers for taking such risks and enduring such hardships, all on account of a "vision," "a phantom." Here is how he ends this, by quoting the people who say, of the Arctic adventurer, "He is a fool for going away from home and friends, up there where it is snowing, where Winter never ends." And then he concludes:

"But if all men were cravens, and feared to sail away,
 from safe and sheltered havens, where would we be
 today? If Christopher had faltered, as doubtful of his
 dope, the Choctaw's mustang haltered, would be the
 country's hope."

In other words, when it is a matter of recognizing the services of the Arctic pioneers, against whom there is no mighty Fundamentalist movement organized, Walt Mason is quick enough to see and say a word of commonsense defense. But when it comes to intellectual pioneering, Mason plays safe, and carries water on both shoulders by amiably laughing at Evolution as having nothing to do with everyday life. Grim as Forbes' poem is, it is a far bigger thing than this shallow cowardice of the other man.

Yet Mason's stuff is also an indictment of the evolutionists, as well as of himself. He laughs at Evolution, because, after all, the Evolution that was so much in evidence at Dayton, and which is being so widely discussed now, is poor stuff, and of slight consequence to the world. Some service it is doing, in the domains of scientific investigation. But it is timidly remote from common life. It is not important enough for the leisure class to take any chances of getting in bad with anybody defending it. And it is not human enough, clear-visioned enough, courageous enough for the workingman to have much use for it. There is

quite another side to it, however. Evolution, when you get to the real thing in its revelation of the meaning and value of human labor, is a tremendous, a revolutionary thing. Here the scientists are as ignorant, and as time-serving as are the Fundamentalists. And it is this doctrine of Evolution that labor needs to know.

With the problem as to how God, or "natural law," made the world before man took over his part of the job labor has nothing directly to do. It is not the creation process in the supernatural realm, or even the natural realm, that concerns the workers of the world; it is the creation process as they have carried it on themselves. There is no irreverence, and no unbelief in the new slant which the workingman is giving to the old saying, "Remember now thy creator." It is himself, as creator, with whom he has need to get acquainted, and to keep in lively remembrance every day.

Man's Active Attitude Toward Nature

Man's active attitude toward nature is the first, and the fundamental factor in differentiating him from the other animals. For untold centuries man was as the other animals are yet, acquiescent to conditions as he found them. He was a food gatherer, not a food maker, an acceptor of nature, not an interferer with nature as he is today. The process of interference on his part began very tardily and incidentally, and moved very slowly for innumerable generations. Man discovered that he didn't need all his four feet to walk upon, that he could release his front feet, and use them as hands. With all his inventiveness man has never made quite so big a discovery since, because all the rest of his discoveries came from this one. It is a rather belittling term now to speak of men as "**hands**," though, significantly enough we do it with respect to the working class. But men would never have been **thinkers** or **souls**, if they had not become **hands**. Does that sound shocking? Well, it is what our ablest philosophers themselves are coming to admit today, that thinking comes by doing, and "high feeling" out of everyday life.

Man got his hands free, and then began that "extension course" which he has been taking ever since. He got hold of a club, and found that his hands would reach farther and hit harder and heavier when so elongated and energized. Some time later, perhaps a very long time later, he worked out the bow and arrow, and found out how to throw things so as to make him a formidable assailant of animals naturally many times stronger than himself. When he had learned to stand off the fiercest attacks he learned how to subjugate the more serviceable animals to himself. Meanwhile he had found other uses for the stick than that of making a club of it to kill other animals. He had begun to stir the ground with it, and cultivate the seeds that came his way, instead of waiting upon nature's very irregular and uncertain supply of them. He still liked hunting better than he liked

work. but hunting found him too often at the end of the day like Esau, famished and spent, and ready to sell his birthright to the other fellow who had stayed at home and made an appetizing stew out of the garden truck. So, much as he disliked the change he settled down, and took to raising a food supply, both animal and vegetable, rather than trusting to luck to find it, and get it. He made the other animals help him by forcing them to carry heavier loads than he could carry himself, and to pull the plow through the ground instead of merely pushing a burned stick into the soil himself. And having harnessed the animals to serve him, and harnessed nature, he learned the shrewdest and most serviceable trick of all, the knack of harnessing the less clever or the less fortunate man. Then he became a scholar and a gentleman, and in some cases a scientist in a small way, because he had "hands" to work for him.

Inventions to Protect Masters

So it became worth his while to set up private ownership in land, and in tools, and in products of them both, and thereby make himself more completely the master. And in order to carry out this program more effectively and on larger and larger scale the clever fellows invented religions, invented governments, invented education, invented all manner of parasitical "paps" by which they could suck the substance from the breast of labor. For labor was the Great Mother bringing forth from her womb food and clothing and shelter and cities and temples and ships and highways, and whatsoever else made for the sustenance and the convenience of man, and supporting from her breasts all men, whether high or low, or reckoned common or mighty. Had it not been for labor God himself would have gotten nowhere with man, for it was only when man took creation into his own hands that he rose above the beast of the field, with whom otherwise he would have been a good deal less than equal. It is labor that has made man's world as distinct from the raw material of nature which the earliest man shared timidly and to utmost disadvantage with the other animals.

And Labor has not stood still. However the world got here, and however man got here, there is no denying the evolutionary process that has been going on since Labor took hold of the job. Men haven't grown very much as "minds" in the last five thousand years, if we are to accept the testimony of the best thinkers of our day, who admit that there were thinkers in the ancient world who measure up as to originality and profundity with any that we have today. Men haven't grown much as characters, as souls, since the days of Zoroaster and Pythagoras and Socrates and Jesus. But men have grown as "hands," grown so much, indeed, in the last century and a half that man's hand-reach and hand-power are immeasurably beyond what they were even when George Washington was here. Our thinking wouldn't startle him,

if he came back today, nor would our moral achievement stir him to enthusiasm. But our labor would strike him dumb with the miracles it can do.

No Missing Link in Machine Evolution

Why don't the Evolutionists tell us something about this evolution, where there are no "missing links," and where the evidence is not pieced together as the fragments of occasional fossils of dubious origin and age? Why argue so strenuously as to whether God made the world of raw material when the thing that concerns us is who made the world as we have it now, and as we use it every day? Why are we so dreadfully upset that young Scopes is denied the right to tell his pupils how the world was made before man took hold of it, and shaped it nearer to the heart's desire, when ten thousand men in ten thousand schools, even the universities themselves where the scientists are in their glory, are forbidden to tell the workers about their own evolution as tool-makers and tool-users, and none of these scientists say boo about it?

Well, it isn't hard to tell you why. You see if we once admit that it is the workers, not the thinkers, who are at the beginning of things they may insist upon knowing why they fare so poorly at the end where things come out. If we let them discover that all our ideologies, and all our moralities are built upon our labor activities, and the uses we make of labor, they may not be so willing to let all the leisure and all the luxuries go to those who "toil not, neither do they spin," except webs of legalism and traditionalism in which to entangle the workers while they suck the blood of their labor from them. If the workers find out that it isn't a "divine providence," or a mere mess of hit-or-miss, happy-go-lucky "accidents," or "genius and executive ability" that gives the fruits of labor to those who do not labor, but that it is a very definite and quite discernible process of appropriation first of all the land, which belongs of right to us all, and then the tools, which are in the main the resultants of the whole body of the labor activity of the world's yesterday, and then the capital and the credit, which are likewise social and industrial in their origin, if the workers get on to this very

real and very demonstrable evolution they may evolve for themselves quite another kind of social and industrial organization than that which prevails today. So long as they can be kept diverted by speculating about what God has been at, or what the "chemical forces" have to do with making the earth, and making man, they may be bamboozled, as they have been for centuries, into overlooking what man, particularly and emphatically the working man, has been doing himself.

The Workers' Great Task

The scientists are just as blind, or just as time-serving as the "sky-pilots" themselves when it comes to pointing at everything except the things which it is most important for the common man to see. They are not telling you the story of the tool, which is a whole lot more important to all of us who depend upon tools every minute of every day than is the story of the Garden of Eden, or the primeval slime. They are not telling you the story of the surplus, which has been a bigger thing in America for the last forty years than it was in any four hundred years of the past, and is vastly more important to the welfare of the world than all the clatter about fossils and vestigial remains, and "missing links," or anything else that the natural scientists have to say. They are not telling you about the class struggle, which is of more vital consequence to the world's workers than all the roarings and wreckings of prehistoric animals in the "lost world" of the antediluvian ages.

No, they are not telling you this evolution, because they do not know it themselves, and would not have the grit to tell it if they did understand. There is a science that the workers need, but it is a science which they will have to teach themselves because it has to do with themselves. And when this science has been learned, and this evolution is known, and the knowledge applied, then the workers will open the schools to all other knowledge, and then the evolution of the natural order will be told without fear and without favor, because ignorance will no longer be the protection of privilege, and theological traditionalism will no more be the smoke-screen of the robbers of mankind.

The Letters of Rosa Luxemburg

IN the September issue of *The Industrial Pioneer* will be run a very absorbing review of the book by Luise Kautsky in which she has given to the world the letters of one of the greatest spirits of the revolutionary movement. Rosa Luxemburg was the highest type of woman, one with indomitable courage carrying forward the workers' cause with a power of expression that showed her great mind and profoundly humanitarian sympathies. For this she was murdered by a conspiracy of junkers and social-democrats which at the same time destroyed that other brave leader of the revolution, Karl Liebknecht. Watch for the next issue for this brilliant feature.



What Forces Can Abolish Child Labor?

By THOMAS SENN

WITH the recent failure to abolish child labor under eighteen years in the United States by amending the constitution it is quite natural to look for continued attempts along legislative lines exerted even more vigorously than ever before.

Those who have studied the history of legislative enactments over industrial affairs are not optimistic about the adequacy that a child labor prohibition should have when supported in no other manner than by entry on the statute books.

In such an industrial society as ours the leading industry or industries of a community hold power over the civil government, which operates only as an agent of the economic masters. Passage of all the laws conceivable to the imagination cannot alter this fact, nor cause the employers to heed them in any case which is a blow at their profits.

On the statute books of Colorado laws passed to safeguard the lives of miners and to promote their welfare, which amounted really to an attempt at alleviating their wretchedness, were never obeyed by the great mining companies, and it was for the establishment of conditions in reality which were guaranteed by law for seventeen years that the

great strike against the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, a Rockefeller corporation, was fought.

It has been the writer's experience that child labor laws, even where they are made to forbid employment of children of tender ages, are not enforced. Long after Pennsylvania's laws prohibited child labor I saw children as young as six years working nights in glass factories, and others almost as young enslaved in the canning industry of the Empire State when that "commonwealth" stood similarly opposed to the practice. This exploitation goes on untouched by any real attempt at law enforcement. The writer has seen crippled children working in the textile mills of New England as well as the ordinary type, and child labor in Southern cotton mills is notorious. California has its quota of child slaves working in the fields and elsewhere.

Some will say that this throws individual blame upon parents even before it is pertinent to charge manufacturers, but the miserable wages paid to these parents when they have employment is not productive of a high type of parent. It is a vicious circle, bounded by inadequate income, and there is a demand for the labor of their children, while their

juvenile earnings are sorely needed in the impoverished households. Laws exist in the various states prohibiting child labor, but the practice goes on to the detriment of the young victims and the injury of society. It is profitable to the bosses, and the ignorant slaves are always very busy turning out a never-ending host of their own flesh and blood to feed the machines.

The same force that can abolish child labor is the one capable of increasing wages to the point where parents can support their offspring. This is the force of working class organization. It is a direct onslaught at the citadel of greed, which when mustering to its standard of human decency any considerable part of the working class cannot fail to achieve its victory.



The Work People's College

IN NOVEMBER the Work People's College opens its 1925-26 season. The college affords an excellent opportunity for students to receive instruction in regular business courses and in subjects of particular value to the workers. History, biology, sociology, economics, industrial survey and industrial unionism are taught in an understandable manner by competent instructors. The classes in English and public speaking aim to train workers in clear expression, to equip them with the power to convey the great message of working class freedom to their fellow workers everywhere.

Added to the studies are opportunities for physical exercise. The main college building has a very good gymnasium. Close to the college is Spirit Lake which freezes during the winter affording sport for skaters, which is taken advantage of by the students. The college building is steam-heated throughout, the rooms are attractive, and the meals are wholesome. Those not able to secure rooms in the college building can get quarters in the immediate vicinity without higher charge, and their meals in the college. Board, room and tuition in this homelike atmosphere cost only \$39.00 a month, a lower figure than it is possible to live on outside without the mental and social aspects that make the Work People's College profitable and enjoyable.

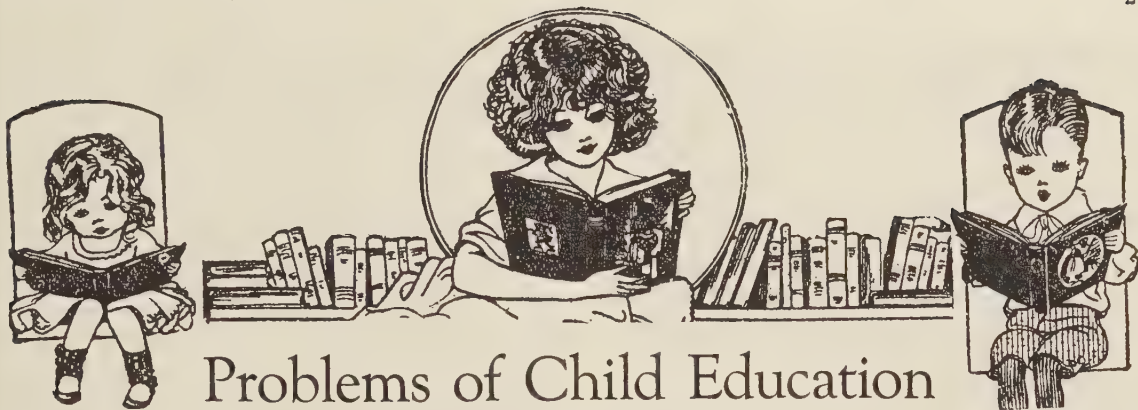
To spend the five months from November to April at the college should be the

intention this year of a larger group of fellow workers than at any other time, and with such response the extent of the educational program can be considerably enlarged. There are a myriad of schools with a bourgeois bias teaching adults, but few, indeed, are the educational institutions of workers where working class bias dominates.

And the Work People's College is frankly biased for the workers in its instruction, existing as it does to fit them better to advance the industrial union idea for proletarian freedom. The opportunity for development of the college is great but it rests with our members and sympathizers and those who want to learn what our organization exists for, to make the college grow and prosper. We look for a larger enrollment this year than in past years, and with this expectation fulfilled we can go onward to finer achievements and make the work of our own working class educational institution a more positive and far-reaching force than may now be conceived even in fondest imagination.

Our organization needs speakers and writers and members capable of stating our position in plain language, but language that compels attention and respect and conviction, and the college exists to give to the I. W. W. such trained members. We can not have too many possessed of these qualifications. In next month's Industrial Pioneer further information will be given concerning the college.





Problems of Child Education

By WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

MY dear Mrs. X:

Perhaps I should apologize for inflicting upon you such a long letter as this, but my excuse is at least a compliment to you—and besides, you are under no obligation to read it. In fact, if it did not seem discourteous, I should make it anonymous, since its author should not signify at all—its ideas, if sound, should. Of course, their immediate source does not determine their soundness.

Your book—"An About Face in Education"—and the one talk I heard you give seem to me so stimulating and valuable, that I am moved to offer a few suggestions as perhaps germane to the educational problem you are seeking to solve.

We may at the outset agree, I feel sure, that no one thus far has **solved** or even professed to solve the problem of education. The most any one has done—so far as I know—has been to discuss the problem and offer a tentative approach to it. Of course, no one ever will or can solve this problem—it will change steadily with the evolution of society and of the individual.

But if we are to deal intelligently or fruitfully with our immediate phase of this problem, we shall agree that there are certain fundamental questions which we must answer—answer, too, in accordance with the best knowledge the world now possesses:

First, what is a child? That is to say, how are we to regard this raw material of education, objectively? Second, what is the society or civilization into which, in some fashion, children are to be fitted by the process of education—or, at least, with reference to which education must get much of its meaning? And third, what is—what **must** be—the **method** of education?

It seems to me—and I think it will also seem to you—that these questions are **basic**, that they can be most fruitfully considered in the above order, and that we cannot take any **sure** steps toward building a sound educational structure, until we have found a satisfying answer for these questions.

1. In approaching the first of these questions, I shall assume that you accept, as I do, the doctrine of evolution—that you do not view the human child as a divine creation in any sense, but rather as one link in the long chain, or as one product in the long process, of evolution from lower forms of life. If we were to accept the biblical interpretation at all, we should have no basis for educational **science**—

or for any other. We should be face to face with the **unknowable** in this and in all other matters..

But if every child is a link in the chain of a purely mechanical evolution, in a process with which no reputable scientist associates the notion of an intelligently planning or controlling purpose, we cannot impute to the child moral qualities or even moral tendencies, as we use those terms. To be sure, all life **tends** to adaptation to its **natural** environment—but the environment which we know as human society is an **artificial** thing, and we know perfectly well that the human child has no **innate** fitness for adaptation to this artificial environment. (More than that, no social environment will ever be possible for which any human child will have an **innate** fitness.) Our homes—the creation of adults for adults primarily—are ridiculously unsuited to the needs of the child. Far worse is it in the case of our artificial society, which, because of its legalistic rigidity and its static "mores," at once defeats the innate and wholesome need and desire for adventure in the human child and youth: the most innately **dynamic** thing human life possesses.

It is impossible to contemplate the facts of evolution without coming to the conclusion—it seems to me—that, as we use the terms, a child is neither "moral" nor "immoral," but rather non-moral. At any rate, his native interests and instincts tend toward actions which, as related to our artificial "mores," are non-moral viewed from the child's standpoint, and only immoral from society's legal and unscientific point of view.

If, then, it be said that every child responds readily to the appeal of "fair play"—which I doubt—it would merely mean, if true, that in so doing

it is simply adapting itself to a social environment from a certain individualistic motive. For example, respecting the rights of others is seen by the child to be a condition, of gaining desired ends for itself.

Surely, the whole testimony of evolutionary science points to the fact that a human child is not innately or instinctively a **social** being in the sense required by any conceivable form of social organization, and that therefore its education must bear immediate relation to what we shall decide to be its function in, or with reference to, such social organization.

2. It follows logically that we can make no real approach even to a partial solution of the problem of education until we find a satisfactory answer to our second question: What do we conceive to be the nature of this social organization with reference to which all education gets at least a part of its meaning? And what must we conceive to be the true function of the individual in this social organization: the State, the Nation, the Government?

There is no difference of opinion, so far as I know, as to the fact that education is a **social** process, and observation shows that it is also a **social** function. But it would be saying too much, would it not, to say that educators have as yet a comprehensive understanding of what the above fact implies? Your own book—its very title—carries that implication, surely. If “an about face in education” is desirable, it needs no profound intelligence to conclude that educators, as a whole, have been facing backwards in this matter. Of course, I agree with you in this—heartily.

Let me give you some of my reflections for what they may be worth. One thing we shall agree to at once: these children whose education we as teachers are supposed to be trying to promote, **must** become in some fashion members of what we call society: organized society, the civilization in the midst of which we have been born. We may be profoundly thankful that they do not come into the world already saturated with the inheritances of this society, since then all hope of improvement would be illusory.

Very well. Then the wise teacher will also know what the **proper** relation of the child—its **true function**—as a potential citizen of this organized society is. In other words, the **intelligent and efficient** teacher will find an answer to this question: What, in the light of history and social science, is the **real function** of the individual in the social process? To attempt or propose to teach future citizens without this equipment is exactly like proposing to travel from one place to another without knowing **either direction or goal**!

Now you know, of course, that the function of the vast majority of individuals in the social process—or rather in the social organization as we now have it—is that of **zeros**: they get any significance at all only in relation to some other individual who does signify in this particular civilization, or

else in relation to some **machine** or fixed system. For example, the mass of **voters** in the United States are merely **cogs** in a smoothly working political machine, which is the creation of large **economic** interests and controlled by the paid agents of these same interests: the politicians. May not this fact explain why in the United States a far smaller percentage of those eligible to the political franchise vote in our elections than in almost any other country where voting exists? In our industries—upon which our political system rests—the above principle is even more evident. We indicate this by the term which we apply to the millions who function in industry solely as operatives—almost wholly as mere appendages of some machine—we call them “hands,” do we not? A most admirably accurate description. The “hand” is not significant in itself, it only becomes significant as an obedient, unquestioning “servant” of what really does signify: the brain.

I have too much respect for your intelligence to think that you would approve an educational system—or even think it really educational—which, in the name of patriotism or some other reactionary slogan, tended to multiply those **zeros**, or was motivated by the idea that the function of the individual is to fit into the social system **as it now is**. (I am not saying that patriotism is **necessarily** a reactionary thing. Usually it is. But I can conceive of a condition of affairs in which it would not be reactionary. It wasn't during the French revolution. It hasn't been during any genuine revolution. It will be reactionary so long as it connotes loyalty to a **static system of any sort**: political, industrial, religious, social.) This simply makes it imperative for any intelligent teacher or educator to decide definitely just what is the individual's true function in, or relation to, the social organization. What I think about it will appear presently.

From what you said about war—in your talk and also in your book—I can see—or I think I can—that you would agree that the only true function of the individual in society is a **dynamic** one: a function growing out of two facts recognized by all real educators: (1) that society is a dynamic process, changing, growing, outgrowing, and (2) that life itself is also dynamic, not static. You would try in the school to help in the development of **dynamic** individuals. Good.

But, before we can go far in promoting the development of dynamic individuals, we must possess a correct philosophy of history and of social change: that is, of the science of sociology. Indeed, we shall discover no philosophy of history except through a knowledge of sociology. We must know what the social forces are and how they operate. Unless we do know these things, we shall be doing nothing but beat the air. For progress in any sense can mean only the evolution and control of these social forces by human intelligence and for purposes which serve the common good of the social whole. The only alternative would be the idea of

individualistic **escape** from society: an idea entirely consistent with that religious system of modern time which so faithfully mirrors the ignorant guesses of the race's childhood—with its notions of sin, salvation, heaven and hell.

History and society must have for us teachers a meaning that is clear-cut, rational, even dramatic: a meaning that invites to strenuous, even enthusiastic activity. And of course, we can't spin this clear-cut meaning out of our inner consciousness, nor deduce it from our emotions or our desires. Not so is real improvement to be expected. A friend of mine in the East, an ardent disciple of Froebel, a teacher of great talent and long experience, bases her teaching upon the theory—accepted by no inconsiderable number of educators—that the great desideratum in social development is freedom: the freedom of every individual to live his own life to the full; that existing social organization negatives any such condition for all except a mere handful; that the solution of our problem lies supremely in education: if we can see to it that children develop in an atmosphere of freedom and in the practice of it—by being left utterly untrammelled in their school experience—we shall automatically eliminate every social structure that today crushes freedom. Given a generation of young people accustomed to disobey any law which affronts their will to be free, cramping laws and institutions will fall away by disuse, and all will be free.

To me this view, or any view which closely resembles it, is a fallacy. For one thing, no conceivable social organization will ever maintain or tolerate a system of education which undermines it. For another thing, mere existence in our modern world is inconceivable without a definite and complex social and industrial organization. Assume, for the sake of argument, that we could give one generation in American schools a thorough knowledge of the principles of sociology and a practice of democracy, or of individual freedom, in their school life. Can you imagine the result would be a radical change in our present social system?

Take one example. War. What is the **cause** of war? Unless you find the cause of war in the schools or in the lack of schools, you will not find its **cure** in the schools. The opinion is well-nigh universal today among thinking people—always a small minority, of course—that the cause of all modern wars has been **chiefly** commercial rivalry. The root of commercial rivalry, of course, is **capitalism**: a system of industry based on private profit, and not on mutual or common service. If this is true, is it not idle to think of ending war unless we propose to end the regime of capitalism—something not one teacher or educator in a hundred even contemplates?

We cannot go further in our thinking unless we face squarely two questions: (1) What is history? (2) What is the significance of our present society in the light of history and social science? It goes without saying that we cannot educate children in

relation to society, or promote their proper functioning in society, unless we have a correct and clear-cut idea of what present society essentially is.

Taking these questions in their order, we shall find that the bulk of our historians to date have no satisfactory philosophy of history. Many of them—most of them—practically admit this. We have a philosophy or explanation of biological evolution, even if the fact has not reached the minds of a vast multitude of devout Christian people—not their fault either, it seems to me; far more the fault of a college and university system largely lacking intellectual integrity. Our so-called scientists, for the most part, have not taken their science seriously, have not seen its intimate and vital relation to world problems, have not accepted the responsibilities which the discovery of truth must always impose on the discoverer. Is there not—must there not be—also a philosophy of **social** evolution? At any rate, would it not be rational to expect such a philosophy? And such a philosophy would be the only possible explanation of history.

Again, would it seem strange if a real explanation of social evolution had existed for decades **without receiving any recognition as such by scholars**? Do you recall the fact that Darwin's epochal discovery—which, by the way, the dean of a Catholic university in Belgium frankly and warmly praised in an address at the Darwin anniversary celebrated at Cambridge University, England—gained no recognition whatever from England's foremost university, Oxford, for 20 years or more after the publication of "The Origin of Species"? Indeed, is not Darwin being attacked today in America, and by some men who are products of our schools, as an enemy of religion, and so of life itself?

Would it, I repeat, seem strange if a similarly revolutionary science of **social** evolution should have to wait much longer for any academic recognition? Financial interests are incomparably more powerful than religious interests—no one allows his supposed religious interests to interfere with his economic interests. Besides, what publishing company would print, what school board in America would buy for use in a school, a history or a book of economics or sociology which taught a philosophy hostile to capitalistic interests?

Now it happens that there is a well-developed theory of social evolution: that of "economic determinism" enunciated about 75 years ago, or more, by an educated German, Karl Marx. Ah! but that is socialism, bolshevism! Away with it! But wait. Have you read Mr. James Harvey Robinson's "The New History"? Mr. Robinson is a joint author of a series of history text-books more widely used than any others in our American public schools. Yet on pp. 50 and 51 of "The New History" he makes some startling admissions. After carefully explaining that he cannot accept some of the claims made by Marx and his followers—it would be a rather large

order for any historian to go that far—he at least says this of Marx's basic theory:

"It serves to explain far more of the phenomena of the past than any other single explanation ever offered."

This book—"The New History"—is not a text-book, will never get into the schools. Mr. Robinson's text-books are perfectly innocuous, of course.

But history has had a way of repeating itself, so to speak. Some of us know that the Copernican theory of astronomy and the notions of Galileo were once—and for generations—under the ban of the world's most powerful organization. Today, no one is opposing the teaching of the ideas of those men: they are taught as a matter of course in all our schools. It would not be so strange, historically speaking, if all histories fifty or a hundred years hence should give to the Marxian philosophy at least as full recognition as is now given to that of Darwin. But if they do, it will only be as a consequence of far greater social upheavals than are conceivable as growing out of any school system. The tail will never wag the dog.

It ought to be apparent to any person who reads history and possesses fair powers of observation and reasoning, that society and its institutions are clearly based on economic foundations, that its politics is built on those same foundations and can be explained only from that fact, and that the bulk of our effective "mores"—especially as regards property—reflect those same foundations.

What is the Marxian philosophy of history? Very briefly: that history is chiefly the record of a series of class struggles—struggles between an oppressed and an oppressing class, a struggle growing out of the method of producing and distributing economic goods; that every oppressing class inevitably calls forth in the oppressed class the class solidarity and the class intelligence and will, by means of which the former shall sometime be overthrown; and that always the new society thus created develops within the shell of the old which it supersedes.

That is not at all an adequate statement of the Marxian philosophy, but it will perhaps serve the present purpose. As this division of society into classes whose most fundamental interests—as under our capitalistic industry—are opposite and hostile, involves, in the struggle, the very life of the members of the oppressed class, warfare between the two classes is as inevitable as gravity and condemnation of that warfare is as idiotic as condemnation of gravity would be. **This warfare can cease only when economic class division ceases.** Moreover, the success of the oppressed class in our present social organization brings the end of militarism and war, **by removing the cause of both.**

It is to be borne in mind, however, that this class conflict bears no causal relation to the phenomenon of war, as we know war: to armies and navies and armed conflict between nations. And yet, the class conflict never ceases—witness the strikes and lockouts and labor troubles the world

over—and never can cease till its cause—capitalism—is removed. You say, in effect: "We don't want warfare of any kind. Let us do away with it by developing right in the school period of children's lives the practice of 'give and take.'" But this practice of "give and take" has marked every public school in America for a hundred years or more. And it has had no more effect on the breaking out of wars than the phases of the moon. It does not touch in any sense the **cause** of international war—not remotely. Why, there isn't a single section of any nation's citizenship so profoundly committed by all its profession and all its basic beliefs to "give and take," to the "Golden Rule," as the clergy. But experience will prove to the hilt that no other section of the citizenship goes further in sustaining a war than this same group, even bestowing upon any war its nation embarks upon the "divine blessing." Not that way, in any sense, lies the solution of this problem of war and peace. The philosophy which teaches any such method is as baseless a superstition as the cosmic beliefs of Mr. Bryan.

Think now of a single phase of our educational problem. We shall agree that the need is imperative that these potential citizens—our boys and girls—shall learn in school the facts about the world in which they live: the facts of biological evolution, so that they shall not be the victims of ancient superstitions surviving in a scientific age; and the facts of social evolution, that they may become effective citizens. If, then, we teach them in the schools to think of our present social system as final, or of its basic institutions as just or tolerable, when neither of these teachings is in accordance with the facts, are we not, as teachers, committing a crime against them? Are we not teaching them falsehoods and insuring the continuance of a citizenship that shall be as asinine and reactionary and inimical to social improvement, as people like Mr. Bryan are showing themselves to be? If, on the other hand, we can in some way help them to see that our alleged democracy is a fraud—is nothing but only a camouflage beneath which is being maintained a species of exploitation and enslavement as hopeless and dangerous as any in all past history; that, on the contrary, the supreme urge and virtue of citizenship consists in aligning oneself with the forces of inevitable and beneficent social change toward a society of cooperators, are we not then and only then dealing with reality and promoting the best interests of both society and the individual? In a word, must we not, in loyalty to truth as exemplified in the long drama of history, tell these children that our human society is not a sacred thing, divinely ordained (as ridiculous as the exploded and abandoned "divine right of kings" so long taught generation after generation and upheld by no one so devoutly as by the clergy), but rather that our social organization, like all others, is today as really a battlefield of struggle between hostile forces as was the world war, and that it is the crowning merit of every citizen to get into that struggle on the

side whose triumph means the ending of war and the beginning of the real history of the human race? How long will a teacher in the public schools last, who teaches this? Not a fraction of the time that Galileo or any of his fellow scientists lasted in the society of centuries ago.

Of course, too, since we learn only by doing, these children should learn citizenship by living and practicing citizenship—and in no toylike way, as in the sheltered atmosphere of the school room. That isn't either learning or practicing citizenship. At the earliest possible moment they should begin to function as citizens, and be so recognized. As well propose that they learn to swim, but never go near the water, as expect them to learn citizenship with no chance to practice it. No wonder the study of "civics" is an unmitigated bore to the mass of our school children.

3. As I have included above some discussion of what the method of education should be, I will add no more on that point. Let me, however, offer one suggestion: that nothing is more imperative for the intelligent, effective educator than a profound knowledge of sociology—above all, a philosophy of history and of social evolution that will explain phenomena—yes, and that will afford an incentive to life and activity. Without that, we are simply beating the air. Nearly twenty years ago,

Mr. Albion W. Small and Mr. John Dewey jointly issued a pamphlet to teachers—a pamphlet whose central thesis was that sociology must become the hub or axis of the whole educational system before the latter can be either symmetrical or rational. While I know of no reason for thinking that either of them had an adequate understanding at that time of this problem, I believe their central thesis was and is sound. But before any such system can be installed here, revolutionary social changes will have to occur: changes in the whole **control** of the State.

If you have never read Lester F. Ward's "Dynamic Sociology," I feel sure you would find it one of the most rewarding experiences of a lifetime to read it. Speaking of this book, Albion W. Small once said: "I would rather have written "Dynamic Sociology" than any other work ever published in America." It seems to me that Ward has sounded the clearest and most rational note in the entire discussion of education—but I also believe that his philosophy requires for its completion the "economic determinism" (and much more) of Karl Marx.

Pardon me for writing such a long letter. But at worst, it is a tribute to your open-mindedness and ability, an expression of my belief that you are performing a real service—and should perform still greater services in the field of education.



The Fundamental Difference

By COVINGTON AMI

THE I. W. W. is the most American thing in America," Frank P. Walsh once declared, and he declared truth.

It is the most American thing in America, because it was only here in this highly industrialized nation that the working class could fully and first conceive of a labor organization built on the lines of industry and capable, when the organization was perfected, of operating the industries and administering the general affairs of society.

It is in this that the I. W. W. differs fundamentally from all other labor organizations, and especially from all political parties.

It differs from the craft unionists in that it holds to the idea of the equality of opportunity for all who toil, whether with brawn or brain, as well as in its form of organization. It differs from the Anarchists in that its form of organization is based fundamentally on Marxian conceptions. It differs from the Syndicalists, not in final aims, which are to be achieved in its view as well as that of the Syndicalists, by the building up the new society through the perfection of the **economic organs** of the working class, but in its form of organization

and tactics. It differs from the Communists in that it expects nothing from the state, whether capitalist or "proletarian," and so bitterly resists the attempts of any and all political parties to assume a dictatorship over its affairs. For this reason, on this fundamental difference it has fought off the efforts of all political parties to dominate it. It has fought the Socialist, Republican, Democratic, Socialist Labor, and is now resisting the Communist party on this ground, and, broadly speaking, history is proving that the "Damned I. W. W." is right.

Its position on this issue—the right of the working class to control its own evolution and destiny



for itself and through organs of its own creation—is sound to the core, for if the Mexican and Russian revolutions prove anything at all, it is the soundness of the I. W. W. contention that the economic organization is all-important; that, without this, the emancipation of the working class is practically impossible, whether we “capture the state” with ballots or bullets.

This being its fundamental position, it, of course, follows that the I. W. W. is only incidentally interested in politics. It cares nothing about giving the state more power than it today possesses, and it assuredly cares less about creating a “higher form of the state,” as Russian leaders have declared the Soviet Republic to be. This because it seeks to establish, by building up the One Big Union, a cooperative form of society—an Industrial Democracy. This being the case, the I. W. W. member, if he knows the philosophy of his union, will sacrifice all political parties and all other machinery that may be used to attain the goal of working class emancipation always and ever to the interests of the Industrial Workers of the World. We do not oppose political parties merely as a matter of principle, for whether or not we take part in political action is not a question of principle, but of tactics, and tactics are always to be governed by the exigencies of the movement. Politics are to be used or not to be used solely as they advance the building up of the One Big Union, and for no other purpose.

As to armed action, we believe with one of the great German historians that “An army is nothing but a political party that has quit using ballots and gone to using bullets,” and we, in common with all American labor unions, are suspicious of politics and politicians. We know that the politicians, be they howsoever honest or dishonest, are incapable of administering efficiently and effectively modern industry. We know this, first, because the political or territorial state is not so mechanically organized as to be capable of hand-

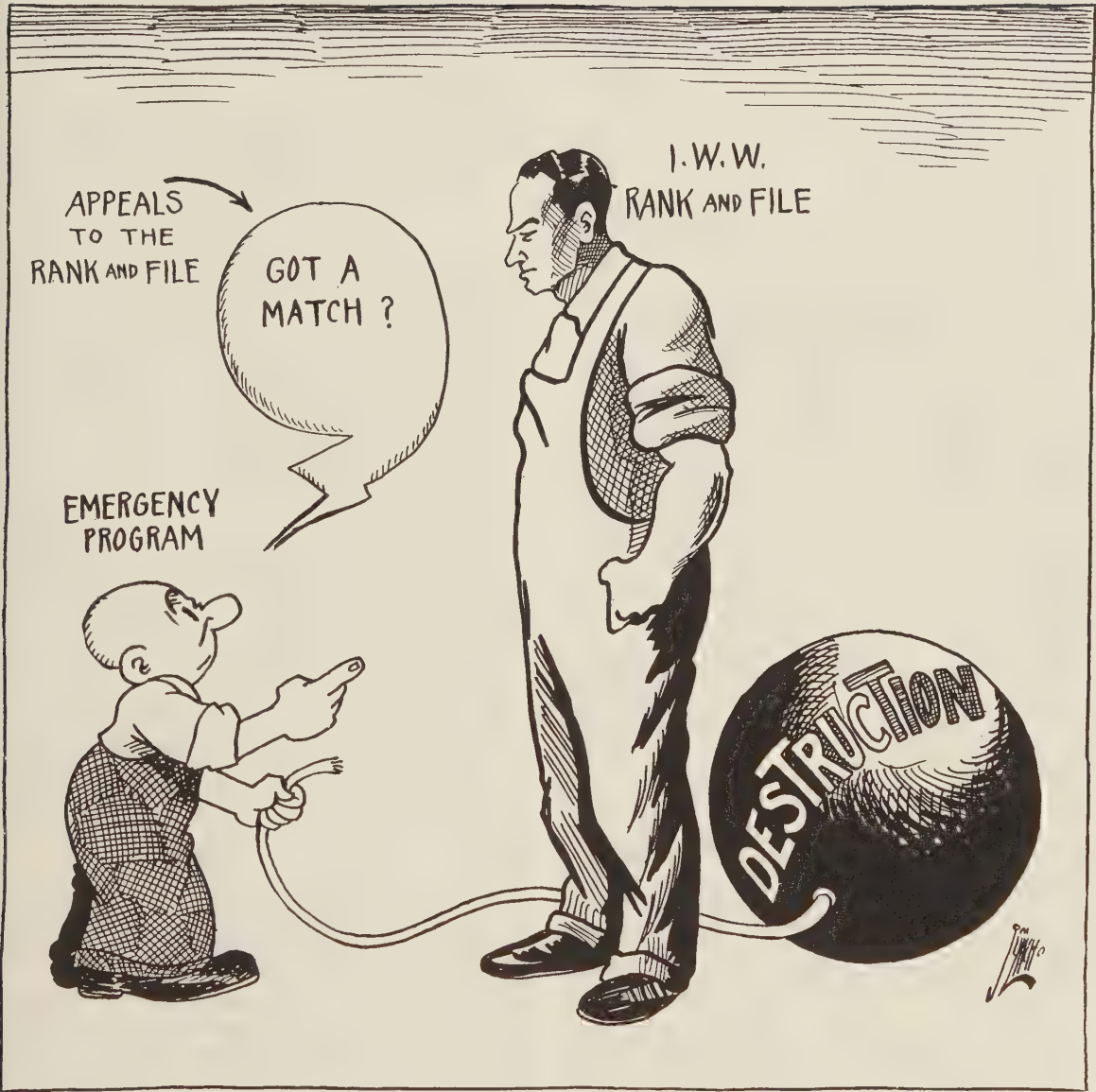
ing industry, which pays no attention whatsoever to territorial lines—it is something outside of industry seeking to dictate to that of which its representatives have little or no direct knowledge; and, second, we know this because the political state is not of, by, or for the workers—it is not their creation, but the machinery through which the capitalist class holds the human race in subjection for the purpose of exploiting its labor power.

Knowing this, the I. W. W. then seek to build up out of the working class social machinery that will function effectively and efficiently for all the workers—it seeks a social organization based four-square on the **economic interests** of all the workers everywhere. If this is not sound social doctrine for the working class, then there is no such thing as a working class philosophy of action, and then emancipation is impossible for the toilers to achieve.

It is here—on the issue of whether the **union** or the **state** shall dominate the new world that is being born—that the I. W. W. clashes with the Communists and all other political parties. This may, of course, be “intellectualism” and “mere philosophy,” but nonetheless it is true, and it is the fundamental difference that the clash between the Industrialists and Communists comes. The clashing of the two groups comes from wide and fundamental differences of ideas, and has nothing whatsoever to do with whether or not the present ruling class will give place peaceably to the working class or will have to be forcibly ejected from its position. They are blind who argue otherwise.

This is not to say that the different revolutionary groups should not work together harmoniously wherever they can for the common good of the workers, but is merely an attempt to put the I. W. W. straight and to answer back the charge that the I. W. W. is either “dual unionism” or an “impossibilist organization.” **It is the only organization proposed on earth by and through which the workers of the world can finally win to real and true emancipation,** and this because the modern working class is essentially an **INDUSTRIAL** and not a **POLITICAL** class.

Let the Communist party, especially in the United States, throw all its power into the upbuilding of the One Big Industrial Union, based solidly on the principle of **INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY**, and the quarrel between the two organizations will, I believe, soon end, and a mighty forward movement begin. If this cannot be, then let every member of the I. W. W. in the future as in the past give his first and best allegiance to the Industrial Workers of the World before all other organizations—for only by and through the organized **INDUSTRIAL POWER** of the workers **ON THE JOB** can immediate gains be made and held, and final freedom be won.



AS JAMES P. THOMPSON frequently points out in his industrial union lectures throughout the country, the group on the G. E. B. in 1924 who bolted the organization and set up their own headquarters were afraid of the I. W. W. membership and they wished to have nothing to do with the constitution which provided for no dictatorial action. The Emergencyites on the board did not have power to act because they did not constitute the necessary two-thirds provided for by the constitution. But even had they been in such a majority they would not have had the right to attempt destruction of the organization. The membership of the I. W. W. is the supreme court of the organization whose decisions must be observed. The Emergency Program tsars feared that membership so much that they went to another court. They applied to the capitalist court for an injunction to halt I. W. W. activity. But the organization has continued to carry on its work, while the disruptionists have arrived at the last stages of disintegration in an atmosphere of mutual distrust and with accusations of dishonesty openly flung about among the prime movers of the outfit as was displayed at their convention at Ogden recently conducted.

The Road to Autocracy

By HUBERT LANGEROCK

Note: This is the third article of this series—Government by Injunction. The next article will deal with the Judiciary Veto.

THE process of injunction, although judicial in its outside form, is in its essence bureaucratic. In the manner in which it is used today the injunction has nothing in common with the legal process that was, in the past, known by that name.

What we call necessary institutions, says de Tocqueville, are often no more than institutions to which we have grown accustomed. Chief Justice Taft, we venture to suggest, is a victim of this process of self-delusion. For him there never was a time when recourse to the writ of injunction was not a law of nature. In his opinion the world was never without it and, therefore, the foundations of the world are involved in the maintenance of that practice. And yet, 1889 marks the first recorded opinion of an injunction in a labor litigation. In 1896, the Chief Justice of the state of Massachusetts still speaks of injunctions in labor disputes as "a practice of very recent origin." By 1921 the right to an injunction in the case of a labor dispute had become an immutable principle of liberty and justice, world without end!

As a result of the use of the injunction, the "due process of law" clause of the Constitution has become a joke, it does no longer guarantee trial by jury and the cause of this is evident to all: the people who resort to the use of the injunction in a labor dispute do so because there exists, when use is made of the injunction: "a greater probability of a conviction by a judge alone . . . than by a jury which may possibly sympathize to some degree with the offender."

The injunction originated in Rome. People who had been entrusted with the management of the property of orphans took advantage of their position to rob the minors placed under their guardianship. One of their favorite methods was to shift the cases from one court to another, so as to create a confusion which served their purpose of intended robbery. So the Roman judges issued orders to keep the cases before the same court and provided severe penalties for the violation of those orders on the ground that they constituted an insult to the dignity of the magistrate.

Later the process of injunction was carried over into Anglo-Saxon law but only for specified purposes and under strictly defined circumstances. No writ of injunction could apply where an injury could be repaired by money damages. The injunction was strictly limited in its use to differences between individual small business men and supposed to be used only when the contemplated act would have wrought irreparable damages. For instance, if two farmers had a dispute about the boundary line of their ad-

joining fields and one of them wanted to chop down a tree located on the disputed land, then the other could obtain an injunction prohibiting his neighbor from cutting down the tree until the case was settled.

It is always possible to find in remote corners of the earth survivals of social institutions of the past and these survivals very efficiently serve the purpose of illustrating the nature and the purpose of such institutions. Anybody wishing a true insight into the nature and the working of the injunction has but to travel to the interior of Scotland where the primitive form of the injunction is still in existence under the name of interdict.

The process of injunction being essentially tied up with the era of individual competition should have been allowed to die when that era was superseded by the corporate form of business made necessary by the advent of the machine process. When, through the appearance of corporations, labor disputes ceased being individual disagreements, the use of the injunction ceased to be an unwarranted extension of a custom of the past and became something entirely new both in form and purpose.

Unlike the farmer whose neighbor wanted to chop down a tree standing on contested land, a corporation threatened by a strike is not menaced with any damage that cannot be repaired by money damages. Neither is that damage itself of an irreparable nature.

In reality, the process of injunction today is a method of taking away from the oppressed class the rights which it theoretically possesses under the constitution and the law of the land.

The writer of these lines was present in the courtroom in Chicago when Attorney General Daugherty secured from a complaisant federal judge an injunction against the shopcraft railroad strikers in 1922. That injunction was a clear instance of class warfare and of the employment of the powers of the government by one class against another class. Nobody in the whole United States was really suffering from the effects of the strike, nobody was starving and nobody was freezing. There were enough trains running to protect the country totally and perfectly against all danger of any real and genuine suffering. The system of craft organization had prevented all the other rail workers from standing by their fellow workers of the shops. Still Mr. Daugherty went into a federal court and persuaded the judge to take jurisdiction over a lot of railroad shopmen who had struck in order to improve their own working conditions and the financial outlook of their families and he induced that judge to call those workmen conspirators against the interstate commerce of the United States and to forbid to them and to their misleaders all acts necessary to the suc-

cessful prosecution of their attempt to improve their condition.

I saw Judge Wilkerson by every gesture and every look as well as by his final decision make himself not an impartial final adjudicator of a difference between the government and the shop unions but a nodding, smiling partner in a conspiracy to get out a class injunction in the name of a common welfare which was not effectively threatened.

The recent extensions of the process of injunction transform it in reality into a system of government in which the injunction judge takes the place of the legislative authority in the political state.

In the nature of things, owing to the limited number of material possibilities or alternatives, an order to desist from committing a certain act becomes a command to do something else. The judge who forbids to a man by injunction to build a house on one side of the street practically orders him to build that house on the other side for the simple reason that there are only two sides to a street. But injunction judges have gone a good deal further. They have added to their restraining orders regulations of a positive character which constitutes, for all practical purposes, organic legislation. A judge in Denver issued an injunction prohibiting scalpers from dealing in railroad tickets and then proceeded to lay down the manner in which such tickets should be sold. This is practically legislation and an assumption of the duties of Congress.

In all the most recent cases, the original nature of the injunction seems to have been forgotten. What really took place is that the plaintiff wanted a judge-made law which he knew beforehand he would never be able to get from an elective body. Mr. Palmer who, as attorney general, started the proceedings against the coal miners, practically admitted that, in his opinion, the end justified the means. His avowed theory was that, if an autocratic procedure averts a calamity, autocracy is the way out. Those who accept such a theory forget that there always exists a probability and a strong likelihood that such tactics will only postpone and very likely aggravate the dreaded calamity, the latter becoming practically unavoidable as a direct result of the autocratic power used.

Since the war was over, the Lever Food Control Act was practically dead and the highest officials of the government admitted this contention. The abuse of the Lever act as a faked basis of injunction proceedings aiming at depriving the coal miners of their legal right to strike was an act of dishonest despotism.

The state of Washington has a complete set of criminal laws. To cope with what it was pleased to call the I. W. W. menace, the same state passed a law making it a criminal offense for a man to hold the opinions and views of that organization, even if he does not try to apply those views in a practical

way and to the extent of violating the already existing statutes. The anti-syndicalism law of that state had already created a crime of opinion but a judge thought that even such drastic legislation was not far reaching enough and he issued an injunction prohibiting the existence of the organization and ordered all persons whose affiliations therewith could be proved to be brought before him on a charge of contempt of court. For all practical purposes, such an injunction was a denial of the right of trial by jury and the judge and his followers frankly and cheerfully admitted it.

The state of Kansas immediately followed suit. It also has a criminal syndicalism law but did not deem it sufficiently harsh. So, on the ground, the purely imaginary ground, that the I. W. W., as an organization, advocates acts in violation of that law, an injunction suit was filed by the attorney general permanently enjoining that organization from maintaining headquarters or having a membership in that state. The injunction was granted.

Then came California. The notorious Busick had received on account of his revolting partiality such an unsavory reputation that he tried to do away with court proceedings in anti-syndicalism cases. That infamous injunction has since been upheld by the supreme court of the state. It contains two exceptional features. First, it is directed against persons unknown to the court, men and women of whose very existence the court is probably not aware. Secondly, it enjoins people from committing acts which are already punishable under the common law of the state.

The first character shows that the recent use of injunctions in labor disputes is a new departure disguised as an old procedure. The origin of the injunction process as an accepted rule provided that the injunction must be directed at a definite individual. The second character amounts to overruling jury trial by court decision. Trial by jury is a dead institution if a judge can use injunctions to punish persons through contempt for acts punishable by common law of the land. Supporters of the new system pride themselves on its speed and effectiveness, making it superior to laws of repression already at the state's disposal. In this they are correct. Autocracy ever has been swifter, more effective than democracy. The jury system is admittedly slow and cumbersome, but a belief that it was a bulwark against executive and judiciary tyranny caused the constitution's framers to include it with citizenship guarantees. There may be some people left who still hold that opinion.

I wonder if those who uphold the species of autocracy embodied in the recent use of the injunction have ever thought that they uphold and help in proving the truth of the statement that trustified capitalism is working out a new set of institutions more directly adaptable to its necessities and its desires and that those new institutions have a distinctly autocratic character.



San Quentin

By JOHN McRAE
PRISON No. 39347



SAN QUENTIN prison stands upon the shore
And frowns rebuke upon the dancing sea.
Sometimes above its walls the seagulls soar,
Then drop to join some carrion jubilee.

THE tide upon the changing sand engraves
Its myriad cunning patterns every day;
And all the while it seems as if the waves
Attempt to wash the bloody stains away.

UPON the landward side high, rocky hills
In kindness hide the place from passers by;
On one the slave his destiny fulfils:
To sleep in death, the wind for lullaby.

NO polished marble here expounds their fame
Who lost the path in life's long grueling race.
Forgot, but free of man's abuse and blame
They slumber on in mother earth's embrace.

AROUND the iron gate the flowers blow.
In all the prison they alone are gay.
The gardener's tears are dropping as they grow
Among the fallen petals on the clay.

THE close set buildings rear against the sky
 High overhead. It is the way of man
 To hide the thing he cannot justify;
 Lords of the earth and boast no nobler plan?

GREY clothes, grey faces are the convict sign,
 The withered frame, the dull and drooping eye.
 Sure man must know some wondrous anodyne
 To give us back our lifeblood, bye and bye.

AT dawn the whistle calls us from the gloom
 Of narrow cells to man the dusty mill.
 To spin the jute and feed the hungry loom;
 Our lives alone suffice to pay the bill.

GO fool, and pray to God upon his throne:
 Forgive me Master, I but lost my way,
 Next time I will do better, I atone.
 Your brother answers you: Repay, repay.

THAT God our mothers taught us to revere
 Was never known to heed a single cry.
 Who dares to judge the convict if he sneer
 At pretty tales of life beyond the sky?

THE worker need not ask of Heaven or Hell;
 His mighty arms are fit to make his own.
 But he is blind and seeks not to rebel,
 So builds himself a prison, steel and stone.

FOR none but he who toils has ever felt
 The lash to goad him to a greater speed.
 None but the working man has ever dwelt
 In dungeons dark; a sacrifice to greed.

IF fate would lift the curtains of the years
 And let us look upon the days to come;
 The sight might dry these non-essential tears;
 Might make these chains not quite so burdensome.

PERHAPS in time these walls will know decay;
 This system crumble, and these idols fall.
 The Kings of earth may put their crowns away,
 And love become the ruler of us all.



BOOK REVIEWS

IT has always been a source of worry to right-minded, god-fearing pillars of society that there are evil-minded men and women who disregard the good and salutary precepts that have been handed down to us from our forefathers.

One of the best-known of these civil-minded men was Jesus of Nazareth. Already as a child he showed bad tendencies. His father and mother found him one night in the temple where he was sitting arguing with the scribes and the elders instead of accepting their wisdom and authority as any well-mannered child would have done.

Later on he was associating with sinners and publicans. He has even gone on record as favoring the heinous crime of Sabbath-breaking. When he was not occupied in breaking all precepts of private morals he would be offending public ones by preaching his revolutionary doctrines to whoever wanted to hear them.

Small wonder that old and experienced people were shaking their heads and saying: "That boy of Joseph's will never come to a good end." Time proved them to be right. As history teaches us, Jesus of Nazareth was executed as a common criminal, and conventional virtue triumphed.

History is replete with examples of that sort. In England men like John Bunyan and Milton are rather outstanding examples of the same type. Bunyan, a simple handworker, had the temerity to write on morals and religion in an extremely unconventional way. It will, I hope, be a comfort to all right-minded men today, as it was in his day, that he had to spend quite a considerable part of his life in jail.

Milton was, after all, the worse of the two. Under guise of writing a religious poem, *Paradise Lost*, he wrote a poem with the devil—Lucifer—as the hero. Besides being an ardent advocate of freedom of speech and such immoral practices as divorce, he was a political revolutionist. It may be permitted me to state that virtue triumphed in his case, too, and that he died in poverty and misery.

In more modern times, we have had such heretics as Marx and Nietzsche who, not satisfied by attacking special moral tenets, have attempted to prove that there is no such thing as an absolute set of morals.

Nietzsche, dealing with ethical problems from the point of view of the ruling class, exhorts them to stop fooling themselves about eternal principles in

ethics, pointing out that morals are changing and biased by class idiosyncracies.

What Nietzsche discovered from the point of view of the ruling class was before his time discovered by Marx looking at the problem from the working class point of view. But by Marx it was put much clearer, as he was not concerned with making faces at the philistines and not the victim of the lurid lyrism and hectic melodrama that Nietzsche quite often sinks down to.

These are some of the intellectual ancestors of Sinclair Lewis. If we should venture a guess as to his artistic ancestors, i. e., to name his teachers in the craft of writing, there are a few names that irresistibly force themselves upon one.

Upton Sinclair is in his "Mammonart" comparing the plot of *Main Street* with the plot of *Madame Bovary*. The similarity in them is striking and the way of building up the material collected shows that Sinclair Lewis has read Flaubert and benefited from him though without any slavish imitation.

Another French author that seems to have given something to Sinclair Lewis is Honore Balzac. Balzac is the first novelist who consistently tried to trace the influence of man's occupation on his total personality. He was the first novelist who tried to describe the individual and his environment through an economic interpretation. He forms the basis for practically all achievements in realism in modern novels, whether his influence is direct or indirect. One of his tricks of letting the persons appear from one novel into the next has been used by Sinclair Lewis as by quite a number of other modern novelists, as for instance, Knut Hamsun.

The goal set by Zola and the other French naturalists of giving a true description of the "milieu," the environment, to be the historians of the morals and manners of their time has been achieved quite a bit more successfully by Arnold Bennett and Sinclair Lewis, than by any of the French pioneers.

Lest these remarks have given the reader the impression that Lewis is a bookish pedant who has been creating his novels from imitation, I hasten to add that, though well read, Sinclair Lewis is never bookish. He is drawing his material from contemporary life around him, a life he seems to know better than anybody else.

His last novel, *Arrowsmith*, is the biography of a young doctor. The author follows Arrowsmith's first vague ambitions to become a medic through his long struggle until he has become one of the mas-

ters of his profession, not a "mechanic" with lance, scalpel, suture, gauge and scissors, or feeler for pulse-beats with a "bedside manner," but a scientist, tirelessly seeking causes of disease. What an uphill battle such a course is has been depicted with vigorous, unforgettable strokes by one whose observations of this pushing, surfaçy, bourgeois go-get-it society has been rather more evocative of his sneers than of any other attitude.

The story begins by telling of the difficulties met with in the university, whose purpose is to turn out professional men commanding for their services five dollars an hour, and "men and women who will lead moral lives, play bridge, drive good cars, be enterprising in business, and occasionally mention books, though they are not expected to have had time to read them. . . By 1950 one may have expected it to create an entirely new world-civilization, a civilization larger, purer and brisker."

Despite the brilliancy of his work Martin Arrowsmith has a hard time of it getting through that university. When he goes west to be a general practitioner he finds that the American peasants and small town bourgeoisie are more concerned with preservation of traditions than with his fight for truth and efficiency over sloth and accepted lies.

He quits the little town, and takes up a post as a medical officer in one of the overgrown villages that sprang up mushroom-like in Mid-America. The experience is disastrous. Setting out to fight disease he finds himself speedily faced with the enmity of the practicing doctors, and, because of their influence, practically all of the community, except the workers. Certainly, disease should be fought, but in the accepted manner, with remedies not cures, and with no thought of preventives. No socialistic tomfoolery; no destruction of death-breeding tenements as long as rents can be collected from them, and no snickering at honest, God-fearing, accepted standards are to be tolerated.

Martin is forced out of his post. Then he tries being a laboratory man in a surgical clinic, and leaves that to become a research worker in an endowed scientific institution. He thinks that he will be free for researches but finds that he is supposed to furnish sensational cures for the ills of mankind. He fights for a while and then withdraws to make research work with another scientist who cherishes the same attitude, who is possessed of the same fanatical zeal for truth.

This synopsis of the scientist's conflict for truth against vested interests may lead one to think that the novel is "dry," but it is not. It is full of human interest, full of humor, irony, pathos, and of adventures in the West Indies. Arrowsmith has been married for a number of years to a very lovable woman who is always ready to help him in his work by ministering to his physical wants, which are few enough, to be sure. Sondelius, a medical adventurer, who trots over the globe fighting plagues, accompanies Arrowsmith to the West Indies to fight

plague there. Leora, Arrowsmith's wife, goes too.

To make the test of the serum's efficiency against the plague Martin wants to try it on part of the population affected and compare results with the mortalities occurring among the elements not inoculated. This develops into a political quarrel, and before it is settled many of the people have been swept to death by the fury of the plague. Martin comes home one night to find Leora dead, killed by the disease which is carried by rats covered with fleas. Other novelists would have given many pages to a description of this woman's fatal illness and the manner of her death. Sinclair Lewis' technique of execution is swift, merciful to the reader, but startling because we are unused to having characters that live and breathe through the pages, that speak to us and attract our sympathies and understanding struck down so abruptly and forever removed. The doctor carries the slight form of this gentle, patient, courageous and womanly woman out to the sands and buries her in the night, alone. It is reminiscent of the interment of Manon, but Leora was fiercely constant in her devotion to the one man of her choice, Martin Arrowsmith. The passages here are poignantly memorable.

There is an interesting gallery of portraits in the novel, some of them extremely typical, others exceptionally individual. Max Gottlieb is a character. He is a distinguished old scientist who has seen and encouraged Arrowsmith's talents, and who is otherwise hard and impersonal. But he is broken when he attempts to come to direct grips as an administrator with the world. Agnes Duer, a surgeon, is a cold careerist, a perfect caricature of the conventional idea of the Nietzschean Uebermensch. Almus Pickerbaugh is the medical Babbitt.

On the first page Sinclair Lewis acknowledges his indebtedness to Paul H. Kruif for his collaboration. Together they have created the greatest American novel of the century.

—CHRETIEN CYNGE.

ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. Price \$2.00.

IN the foreword to "Fairy Tales for Workers' Children, Ida Dailes, who has translated Herminia zur Muhlen's work into English, says in part:

"You have read many fairy tales, some of them very beautiful and some that frightened you with their horrible giants and goblins. But never, I am sure, have you read such lovely stories about real everyday things. You see poor people suffering around you every day; some of you have yourselves felt how hard it is to be poor. You know that there are rich people in the world that do no work and have all the good things of life. You also know that your fathers work hard and then worry about what will happen if they lose their jobs.

"Comrade zur Muhlen, who wrote these fairy

tales, tells us in a beautiful way how these things can be stopped. . . . We must join together, we workers of the world, and stop these wrongs."

Under four titles—"The Rose Bush," "The Sparrow," "The Little Grey Dog," and "Why?" Herminia zur Muhlen has set about teaching children the lessons of class consciousness, an understanding of which is essential to a movement of the workers for their freedom from wage slavery. Having observed how eagerly several children read the book, which is illustrated in colors and also black-and-white drawings in profusion, and how well it was understood by them, I thought that a brief mention of the book should be made in *The Industrial Pioneer*.

On all sides our children—I mean the children of the working class—are surrounded by books designed to support the present system and to inculcate into the children's minds the moral viewpoint of those who benefit directly from the scheme of existence prevailing, or indirectly by allying themselves physically and spiritually to the robbers this society is pleased to exalt and who are called capitalists.

The writer has no idea that education of working class children to class consciousness on a large scale is possible so long as the control of education is in the hands of the enemy, but so far as we can we should encourage the reading of such books as this one by our own children and others over whom we exert influence.

The cover is red and black and the size is larger than this magazine. The 66 pages should be an inspiration to working class children fortunate enough to get copies.

—MARGARET CLARK.

FAIRY TALES FOR WORKERS' CHILDREN, by Herminia zur Muhlen. Published by the Daily Worker Publishing Company, 1113 W. Washington Boulevard, Chicago. Price, 75c.

A HEREDITARY ruler appoints all the executive machinery and the main legislative body, the people elect half of the representatives in the other legislative body that has only advisory power, the other half being selected indirectly by the hereditary ruler from his executives.

If anyone would describe a government of that kind and call it a democracy he would be considered ignorant of the subject with which he was dealing. Nevertheless when the hereditary ruler, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., makes an assertion like this about the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., describing it as an industrial democracy the statement is considered important enough to cause Mr. Selekman and Mrs. Mary Van Kleeck to spend several years making a study of that "industrial democracy" under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation, and to publish two books as the result of these studies without challenging the fundamental contentions of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Furthermore, it is remarkable that in hardly any of the reviews of these two books the fundamentals of the Rockefeller Industrial Relations Plan has been challenged. Polite objections have been raised to details of the management of the plan; it has been stated regretfully that the plan "as yet" does not function "quite satisfactorily." Reviewers of the book have together with the authors spent some time looking for where to put the blame for the miscarriage of the plan, whether on management, petty officials or employees.

It seems to have escaped their attention that the plan is built on an altogether false foundation: the identity of interest between the company and its employees. If such an identity of interest existed, no plan would ever have come into existence. There would have been no need for it. There would have been no strikes, no battle at Ludlow—or massacre rather—no scandal, and no incentive to find a new mode of dealing with the workers of the company.

Both books are giving a wealth of material on the origin and workings of the plan. The method used of checking up on all statements of facts with the company officials, the workers, and representatives of the United Mine Workers has made the books absolutely reliable documents. As source books they are invaluable; but their interpretation of the facts have no value whatever outside of giving anybody who is in search of such information an idea of the blindness even of the most intelligent part of the middle class to the outstanding facts in the labor movement.

Two great facts have been pointed out that cannot be emphasized too much: viz., that in the steel industry it is the United States Steel Corporation that sets the wages, while in the coal mining industry the United Mine Workers is quite a factor; but that in either industry the Rockefeller employees have nothing whatsoever to say about the wage scale outside of tinkering with the details after increases and reductions have taken place.

Two of the advantages that have accrued to the workers on account of the plan must after further analysis be in the one case ascribed to other factors, in the other case be considered apochryphal or at the least immensely overestimated.

The first one: the establishing of the actual eight-hour day in the steel works of the company took place only after spontaneous strikes and walk-outs had occurred and the employees were at the time most of them members of the trade unions that were blooming on account of the A. F. of L. steel drive.

These two causes must be considered the most effective means in establishing the eight-hour day. Incidentally the company found out that the eight-hour day does not cause a higher labor cost in steel production than the twelve-hour day.

Neither of the two causes can be considered connected with the Representation Plan, and the third one tells why the eight-hour day remained in force

after the unions had been destroyed and the company had its workers at its mercy.

The second advantage of having the arbitrary discharge of workmen abolished will not bear any closer scrutiny. All through the books we hear of arbitrary discharge for no sufficient cause, and besides that it is time and again pointed out that petty officials can make it that "hot" for their victims that they will not need to discharge them, because they will be only too glad to quit.

The advantages to the company, on the other hand, are very easy to grasp, as one of its officials says: "If we pay lower wages than our competitors we lose our employees." The company is through the plan able to prove to its employees that it pays as good wages as any other employer in the industry in question, a thing it would have to do anyway.

By making discharge of workmen subject to review it is able to give a show of fairness that does not amount to much anyway: the causes for which a worker can be discharged are determined by the management. All that the "joint committees" are doing is to check the arbitrary notions of petty officials, a thing that would have otherwise to be done by some other agency, if the company would avoid losing efficient slaves that "got on the wrong side of the foremen or other slave drivers."

Another thing that the company has accomplished through the scheme is to permeate the whole atmosphere of their employees with company propaganda and to make them dependent on the company in their daily life in a hundred different ways.

Through company libraries, Y. M. C. A.'s, propaganda lectures given by lecturers hired by the company, it selects their mental food and makes sure that it is "wholesome," i. e., friendly to the company.

Through company doctors and hospitals, company housing schemes, savings bank schemes and pension schemes controlled by the company, it makes them dependent on it in such a way that the workers are at least unable to make any independent move whatsoever, for fear that they would incur the displeasure of the company and be thrown out in the cold with all those benefits for which they have been slaving for years lost.

Besides that it naturally leaves the company in control of the community and able to shape public opinion to suit its own purpose.

These things are the real dangerous things about the Representation Plan, so-called. Instead of being—as it is touted to be—a step towards industrial democracy, it is just the opposite. It is a step towards serfdom. It encroaches on the worker's personal affairs and makes him more and more dependent on the company in all the details of his daily life.

It propagandizes actively, even if sometimes covertly, against unionism, and by taking up numerous unimportant grievances it tries to make the worker believe that he has got some agency that is able

to look after his affairs in a similar way as a union would do.

But the soundness of the worker's instincts have been too much for the scheme. It has therefore been very coldly received by the employees of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. It has been successful in strangling unionism, but it has not been successful in suppressing strikes. Whenever an emergency has arisen the Rockefeller employees have known on what side they belonged and demonstrated their solidarity with the rest of the working class.

The plan has been successful for Mr. Rockefeller as a makeshift, but that is all. I believe it is not too much to hope that some day Rockefeller's slaves will take the bit in their mouth and kick the traces, declare their solidarity with the rest of the workers and organize together with them.

Today some of them may be under the spell of the "welfare" schemes, but tomorrow they will sing in derision:

Sing a song of welfare, a pocket full of tricks,
To soothe the weary worker when he groans and
kicks.

If he asks for shorter hours or for better pay,
Little stunts of welfare take his thoughts away.

Sing a song of welfare, play the horn and drum,
Anything to keep his mind fixed on Kingdom Come;
Welfare robs your pocket while you dream and sing,
Welfare to your pay check does not do a thing.

Sing a song of welfare, forty 'leven kinds,
Cultivate your morals, elevate your minds,
Kindergarten, nurses, bathtubs, books and flowers,
Anything but better pay and shorter working hours.

—KRISTEN SVANUM.

EMPLOYEES' REPRESENTATION IN STEEL WORKS, by Ben M. Selekman. EMPLOYEES' REPRESENTATION IN COAL MINES, by Selekman and VanKleeck. Both published by Russell Sage Foundation, N. Y.

PROTEST

By LAURA TANNE

The incorrigible Masses—
They want everything!
Books of learning
Warm hearths burning
Honeysuckle vines
Rich red wines.
They scoff at queens
In democratic jeans
For they've lost all fears
Of gods and peers.
With heads held high
They want their pie
On earth
With roses rare
And children's mirth
And wives like west winds
Blowing free.
They want the earth
Between me and thee.
The incorrigible Masses—
Damn them!

A Bourgeois Pipe Dream

By The GENTLE WAITRESS

THE American oil magnate was entertaining his friend from over the Atlantic in one of the most exclusive clubs of the city. The dinner had been of the best, with just the right amount of the correct sort of wine. They now sat smoking cigars which cost \$25 the dozen.

Things seemed right in this best of worlds until the visitor casually inquired about the labor conflicts of the country. He had heard there are some vindictive strikes at times. Would the host be kind enough to relate just what were the chief causes and what was generally done to settle the strikes?

The host looked cautiously about. Seeing the waitress still in earshot, he smiled broadly, waved his cigar disdainfully, and said:

"Oh, well, we sometimes have some little difficulties, but then when we take them by and large, they don't amount to much. There is of course some misunderstanding, but the newspapers make them out much worse than they are. The papers are in business and must have something to report if they are to sell their wares."

Another cautious glance over his shoulder. The waitress had stepped out and closed the curtains. But she knew her business and did not go too far; she might be recalled for some service. Of course she must take the dishes to the kitchen, so when the host looked out she was retreating quietly through the kitchen door. But she somehow heard more of the information about American strikes.

". . . . for when we get things lined up right we will show them just where to head in, and that will be into oblivion. Do you think we intend to have the damned filth around begging and whining for more wages and shorter work days and better living conditions? I'll see every one of them in the bottom of the fish ponds first!

"You see, we are not quite prepared. There are a few things yet to do in the way of perfecting some of our automatic machinery so there will be no need for them. We can press a button and do automatically what it now requires some little intelligence to do by hand, or with present machinery.

"Then besides, we have not perfected our own organization. We have many sorts of clubs, all of which have some value, but there is one which we have only in an imperfect and embryonic state. That is a kind of club, I don't know just what to name it, which will educate our class to the dignity and ability of caring for itself. We are doing it now to some extent with our hiking clubs and mountain climbing clubs and hunting and fishing clubs and all those. But what we need is one that will combine all the good features of those with none of their toil and unnecessary hardship.

"Then we will have them. Why, say! The dream of the Wobblies and every manner of Red will come true, you're damn right it will. But not in just the

way they think it will. It will be the master class who will continue to be the master class. Do you think we are going to knuckle under to them? Not on your life! We will have a society without a master or slave, all right, but you can bet it will be the slaves, as they call themselves now, who will be abolished and don't you forget it.

"But first, as I said, we must develop our own ability just a little more. The dirty, disagreeable work of the world is mostly done now by machinery, or can be done so. What little there is that must be done we can handle easier than we can have that class of cattle in our way. We will be well rid of them.

"Of course, the Reds now say they are going to educate and organize the workers to take over the functions of society. But that is a joke with us. We know where we are at. And where they are at, too, for that matter. Organize the tramps? Rats! They couldn't organize to pick crab apples.

"Our plans are not perfected for getting rid of them entirely, but they are working out. We may decide to send a few million of them into Africa, or South America, or even into China, and let them be cut down by some unexpected disease..

"I say 'unexpected disease.' I mean just that. I do not mean 'unknown disease.' Oh, it will be known, all right, to a few, but you may be damned well certain it will be unexpected—to them.

"Then again it may be possible we will have to wait a generation for the bastards to starve off the face of the earth. There are a few who are afraid that will mean an uprising likely to overwhelm us. But no fear, we have military right now to handle that question. Then we can set the military forces fighting each other, or even into a foreign war. Once we get the process working good it will not be long before it is finished.

"Then what? Why, with the filth of the world cleaned out, with that damned working class gone, we will have no more of this rot of the class struggle. Of course we deny the existence of such a thing when we talk for publicity, but believe me, it is the thing that keeps us awake at night. We are as anxious as the workers are to solve it. And we will solve it, too.

"And that means we are not going to let the brutes have a look-in when the final answer is written to that problem. We are going to write it in our own way, and that way is just this:

"We will have a world without conflicting classes, for we will be the one and only class in existence. That means no class struggle. That would mean less trouble to do our own work than it is now to keep the cursed cattle quiet until we have them down and tied.

"Come on. It is time for the show; then after that those two girls I told you of will be waiting for us over on the North Side."

The Essence of Industrialism

By WARREN LAMSON

(Continued from August Issue)

This is the second installment of the thesis that won the first prize in Tie Vapauteen's literature contest a few months ago. The editor of Tie Vapauteen has kindly permitted its presentation here in the original English.

SOME scholars assert, and submit much evidence to show, that man is not naturally a gregarious animal, or social being; that while civilized man is such, this quality has been taken on as a result of compelling, driving forces, which have gradually altered his constitution. This is the view of Ward. In the light of events within the experience of all of us there are many who support this theory, but whether this be true or not, we are able to say today, that classes and divisions of mankind can be united for a continuous effort in which all will benefit, only with great effort and as a direct result of inexorably compelling necessity. Such associations as have been formed by man, broken up and reorganized and adapted, have usually tended to grant a greater degree of self-government to the units composing them, not willingly, or as a result of deliberation, but to make such association sufficiently attractive to its units to retain the loyalty or at least the acquiescence of a sufficient part of them to render itself secure. For men are prone to abide by what they have, as long as it meets their accustomed needs, and excessive social chasms are not developed and flaunted before them.

It is for this reason that the industrialists so strenuously oppose any great degree of centralization, although a contributing factor is cognizance of the fact that autonomous units develop more self-reliance, initiative and talent, than the most favored units can when their destinies and welfare are largely depending upon outside forces.

Somehow man has acquired the ability to labor, and an aversion to waste and futile effort. Some attribute man's ability to labor to slavery, holding that from countless generations this ability or power has been transmitted down till at last men became accustomed to applying themselves continuously to labor. Whether this be true or not, the greater part of mankind are today capable of such continuous effort, and when the creative instinct is given some play, are capable of intense interest or attention, even under slavish conditions. However, the growing aversion to futile effort is causing an ever increasing number to conceive of a social order in which work would not be carried on at the whim of one whose only relation to the product is that of a peddler.

"War has been the chief leading condition of progress." It seems from all the evidence that in the past this has been to a great extent true. War, as shown in Wells' "Outline of History," has caused old and settled conditions to be broken up and brought new blood and ideas to the development of new social states. In the past of the race, prior to the 18th Century, large groups of mankind lived wholly isolated, and ignorant of others having different institutions and customs, and it was only through war and conquest, that new ideas, and methods were adopted, and the stagnant backwaters started into motion.

However, today when all associations, except onerous patriotic ones, with hidden motives, search the entire world for data this condition of affairs is changed. On the other hand I am compelled to think that modern progress in invention and production is due more to the economic warfare between the employers and the workers, and rival groups of employers, than to warfare. This is no new idea. Some fifteen years or more ago this view was elaborated by the French Syndicalists, i. e., that the aggressions of the workers compelled the employers to bestir themselves to survive. This view is also well substantiated by Marx. But all of these compelling forces have never operated to liberate the latent powers of mankind, obviously present. If oppressive methods can develop production and widen concepts, then methods of liberation should far surpass them. Lester F. Ward, after making an intensive study of latent social forces, says, "The new gospel, therefore, to which I found myself committed was a gospel of liberation." This is the conception of the industrialists—to remove all obstructions, open all channels, eliminate all waste, to set free, emancipate all of the forces of production. The liberty we seek is that which will provide economic equality for all, that without drag or hindrance we may move on to a dimly conceived higher civilization. For it is not alone what we wish to be free from that is important, but what we would be free for, that is the basis of dispute between the various revolutionary movements.

Let us consider the philosophy of the industrialists and their relation to other phases of life.

The industrialists may be said to subscribe to

the view that has been termed "pain and pleasure philosophy." That pain causes men to perform acts which make not only for the preservation but for the progress of the race. That pain causes men to seek to avoid acts which are not only destructive, but obstruct the actual upgoing of the race.

Thus, for instance, primitive methods of production make necessary long hours of exhausting toil, for the larger part of the population, while to avoid this requires the use of indirect methods, consequently organization takes place, to enforce better methods. The real advance in such cases is not only in securing better methods but in the improvement of organization. And it is thus that man has been evolved from the lower forms of life, and reached the degree of social organization—quantity production—that we have today.

One thing all men have in common, and that is the desire of securing adequate means of living with the least possible expenditure of energy. Modern labor has a productive capacity so great, with only a minority of the people usefully employed, a large number of non-producers are able to live in splendor, while an even larger number, without performing any socially necessary labor, live far better and more secure lives than the best paid laborers. The costly, but more durable and in some other ways superior product of the craftsman, has given way to the cheap machine-made article. "The ages of stone, bronze and iron have been successfully passed and we are living in an age of paper and caoutchouc." Such production of cheap articles was essential to any attempt to institute a social order of the character with which we are here concerned for only that which is cheap and easily reproduced can be widely used.

There could be no equalization of opportunity till the resources of society were sufficient to impress men with the possibility of such a change. All of the utopias of the ancients had fairly rigid slave class foundations. The productivity of slave labor was not sufficient to originate the idea of a society without slaves. Today we have what is termed overproduction, which in simple language can only mean, more than there is a market for. Production in excess of need has never taken place, and in all probability never will.

The institutions of man have not kept pace with his industrial progress. The state came into being through conquest; was necessarily a coercive institution. It still is, but, as the industrial methods of man change, so should all other institutions and customs, for industry is the life of a people.

The Industrialists and the State

This philosophical basis of course leads to new views of the state, morality, the future of humanity and all other phases of society. Consequently the attempt to give the industrialists' views on the various subjects will be made each under its own heading.

The state being a coercive institution, organized and adapted for suppression, cannot be utilized by the industrialists for their purposes which are to liberate, not to suppress. This is in direct opposition to those who lay the most stress on political action (socialists), for while the socialist and the industrialist may both be said to visualize a new social order, in which man would be economically free, they differ in method. "The syndicalist, however, is poles asunder from the socialist in method, and method counts for everything in social change." (Ramsay MacDonald in "Syndicalism.")

The industrialists have both in Europe and America consistently refused to endorse any political party or program. Where exceptional groups have done so, usually through the parties compelling their members to join and become active within the syndicates or the various industrial groups, the effect has proven disastrous to the groups affected.

By engagnig in political action the class struggle is denied, for all the parties accept membership and support from other classes than the workers until the counsels of one petit bourgeois who can contribute \$500 to the fund outweighs the counsels of fifty actual wage workers.

Compromise follows compromise till at last the interests of the most despicable of all, the petit bourgeois, dominate. The petty visions, sordid ambitions and mean vanities of a social fossil supplants the concepts and methods derived from the creative instincts of the working class.

Such parties employ all of the shallow profundity, sentimental idiocy and buncombe of other parties. Their candidates must try to ensnare the votes of antagonistic interests, and if elected must strive to placate that element which means the continuation of his political career. Political action was the means of the bourgeoisie, it cannot be the method of the working class. Looking over the world today we see here and there victorious labor parties (?) strenuously upholding the "system," striving to satisfy the "interests." The revolution of the working class is something different, for the lion and the lamb lie down in peace only in holy fiction. Parties must deal with the nation, and with its domestic and other questions, which do not materially concern labor. Antagonistic interests cannot form a true community.

"Of all the classes that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie today, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class." (Communist Manifesto.)

"Indeed no one who believes in the class war as the fundamental fact of society today has any refuge to protect himself against Syndicalist logic. Given the class war Syndicalism is its necessary corollary." (MacDonald's "Syndicalism.")

To the industrialists, the state (government) is an odious instrument of class suppression, of no value for any other purpose, and in place of it he would institute industro-social organization, but not by wasting any energy in its capture by direct methods.

For inasmuch as the state is viewed by all socialists as well as industrialists as conditioned by the economic situation, they hold that they who control industry can control the state, providing those who control the economic processes need an instrument of suppression; while those who administer the affairs of the state, through the capture of administrative powers only, can reflect only the need or will of those controlling the economic life. Thus they say, since energy can only be expended in one way, why waste it on the state, when the state admittedly is not the important factor; and when the attempt to capture it makes necessary an alliance with non-revolutionary classes, and delivers the workers as pawns into their hands. So they refuse to have anything to do with political action, despite the promise of state aid in overthrowing the beneficiaries of the state, for whose purpose it has been devised and adapted. On the other hand, they set up their own machinery, and social organization for taking and holding, and administering the economic life.

The Industrialists and Morality

"Morality is the result of historic development. It is the product of evolution, it had its origin in the social instincts of the race, in the material necessities of social life. Seeing that the ideals of social democracy are one and all directed towards a higher order of social life they must necessarily be moral ideals." In this quotation from Dietzgen, the industrialists' views on morality are admirably and concisely stated. For the industrialists own a rational dislike for the professional moralists, who are continually striving to place life in a moral straight-jacket, and are interested in forms more than in substance. For morality is subject to evolution; our conceptions change as our methods of life change. Those acts which are generally considered moral are in most cases detrimental because of the tendency to retain forms that are obsolete. Moral precepts originate out of the conditions of those who hold them; they in themselves cannot alter or elevate the moral condition of a people, but they may, when the form persists after the need for it is eliminated, be socially harmful.

Many institutions whose social uses have long passed and whose continuance is socially bad are hedged about with sanctity which renders them difficult to alter. This is even true of institutions developed in the various revolutionary bodies. Instead of placing the social forces of human life in a straightjacket, and damming up the stream until the organism is seriously injured by revolt, men must learn to divert them into newer channels. Science today has brought philosophy from the mists of speculation and given it a basis of reality, yet even in revolutionary bodies, those with no scientific training whatever, but with a mere superficial and parrot-like learning, enforce outworn and exploded theories. These people belong to the same

class as the noxious professional reformers in general social life.

That theological writers and sentimentalists ignorant of science should laud moral straightjackets is to be expected, but that philosophers, scholars and revolutionary leaders do so is a subject for those who understand the human mind to explain. This mania for assuming responsibility for the moral character has destroyed the usefulness of many able men. Today in revolutionary organizations one's influence depends upon guarding and censoring one's words; one dares not say what he thinks, and must make servile apologies and prefaces when voicing new ideas or disputing old ones.

The true industrialist of course opposes this, and no organization will meet the requirements necessary to fulfil the work of the industrialists until this tendency is largely eliminated. The world must have morals, not because they are of divine origin or eternal in form, but because they are a product of social organization of mankind. They should be permitted only to minimize the friction in daily life. Disobedience is by far a more valuable factor in human progress than conformity, and a skeptical, questioning attitude should be encouraged.

The Industrialist and Religion—the Church

There is a distinct tendency wherever mankind exists and as its reasoning powers begin to unfold to require an explanation for everything. The more ignorant the people the greater the tendency to explain things with an idea, and to make all of the facts which they are aware of fit the idea. This applies not alone to the explanation of life but to everything, and is caused by insufficient data, lack of equipment for securing more, and mental laziness. Such ideas once accepted, no matter how absurd or incorrect they may later be shown to be, are tenaciously held; this applies to ideas of mechanics, geography and all phases of life. Who is not familiar with the opposition to steam and other mechanical devices which were branded as devices of the devil? This human tendency is one of the reasons for the need of a federation of largely self-governing units, so that this tendency towards "official propaganda" shall not be too strongly enthroned.

The various churches, which have been developed along with all religious ideas, have vigorously opposed the search for additional information upon things of which they have given the only true and godly explanation (?) even going so far, when they had the power, as to inflict torturous death as the penalty. Yet, step by step, they have been forced to abandon various false conclusions which they defended. The only domain today left largely to them even by the average man is that of which the majority is ignorant, which equals the statement—All religion is a deification of human ignorance.

Religious ideas, as Christian Socialism for inst-

ance, have made the attempt to enter the revolutionary movement, to graft onto them their explanation of life. Still more dangerous is the innate human tendency to hedge with sanctity the immature deliberations of mere party and union officials and legislative bodies.

The Industrialist and Education

"Education," says Mazinni, "is the bread of the soul." Without education ability remains latent and the individual, under any form of society no matter how democratically organized, is the pawn of forces he does not comprehend. In education lies the hope of the new race, the new men, who dimly conceived, has made the works of Wells, Wm. Morris and many others so delightful, and whom we now know to be a possibility. In all the past, and still today we have those who think of securing a superior stock by the development of the few, by furnishing those alone the opportunity. But the position of those superior ones would indeed be precarious. On the other hand the industrialist asserts but a more secure and certain method to operate in securing this end on a grand scale.

Education is the development of intellectual force, by which mankind as a whole can better its standards, by widening the scope of conceptions. An uneducated class is a social drag in every sense of the word. Lacking the development to perceive or even glimpse the most advanced ideas of their time, they either oppose all innovation or are seized and carried away with the most absurd ideas that any charlatan may advance. And yet in no case, except idiocy, is this condition irremediable. It is today a proven fact that crime can be prevented by teaching the criminal and introducing him to the pleasures of purely cerebral emotions. The moron sufficiently mentally developed to remain outside of institutions provided for the feeble-minded is now often a useful, working citizen and is even capable of interest in astronomy or biology. Though he may not be capable of original research work, he needed not be neglected and permitted to endanger the welfare of all.

Most of the truths of science are strange to the average man, which of course includes the vast majority. This is undeveloped, potential ability, talent, for which no opportunity has opened, and which once developed would change the entire condition of the race, and make "Mother Earth" far

more pleasant than she is. With such a great source tapped, greater than the entire present intelligent social force, unhampered by a backward social group, all energetic minds would become actual contributors to intellectual progress, while those not sufficiently energetic to become actual contributors, would acquiesce and cooperate, for they would be able to understand and visualize the improvements proposed.

Capacity is often erroneously gauged by abstract thinking. Many persons have but little aptitude for classical subtleties, but they are fully able to acquire knowledge, for there is nothing in the scientific truths that surpass the ability of a child to understand, but these truths are not of a nature to be acquired without aid, for facts nearly always give the lie to appearances. The bulk of so-called difficult knowledge consists of metaphysical argument and gymnastics and is of but little real value.

This acquisition of knowledge and development of intellect requires leisure and equipment. Society cannot much longer deny these to all, for it thus endangers itself. The means of destruction are becoming too great to allow the majority of men to be the pawns of charlatans and scoundrels. An industrial democracy could not offer society any solution were it to propose to leave the present methods of diffusing knowledge to stand.

The time to begin education is in youth, and not by night schools or correspondence schools, where studies are persued by exhausted students. Most people develop some time after coming into early maturity intense desires for knowledge. They often force their way through educational institutions in spite of great obstacles. They are hungry, omnivorous, and swallow the chaff and truth with which they come in contact voraciously and indiscriminately. What is needed is free access and discrimination. The inspiration of being one of those making intellectual contributions, hoping to meet the test of the ablest, is the most potent incentive that sways mankind. "The mind is essentially altruistic, and next to the pleasure derived from the acquisition of knowledge and the discovery of truth, its greatest satisfaction is in imparting this knowledge to others." (Applied Sociology. Ward).

The ambition of the industrialists is the scientific education of all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A VAST domain of wealth and resources lies west of the Mississippi River. Millions of people are living in that region. Yet in all that country, there is but one organization reaching out to take control of its resources for the workers—the Industrial Workers of the World.

The only organ for those millions of workers in their struggle for those resources which is printed west of Chicago is now published in Seattle.—It is the **INDUSTRIAL WORKER**.

You cannot be informed on the most vital phases of the class struggle in the West without reading that paper. Write to Box 1857, Seattle, Wash., for sample copy and subscription rate.

Editorials



(Continued from Page Two)

the authorities will very soon get an order from the Chamber of Commerce to let them go free. Within the walls the Wobblies have pointed the way by standing together; following their example on the outside is sure to get desired results. When the bosses try to stop organization the logical answer is to give them more of it than they ever bargained for.

COAL STRIKES — Negotiations between representatives of the United Mine Workers of America and mine operators have just broken off with nothing in sight but an anthracite strike of 158,000 miners to take place on September 1st. The miners are asking for a wage increase and the check-off system by which latter the dues owed to the union are deducted from the men's pay-checks and handed to the workers' organization. This check-off has been used to collect debts owed by miners to the company, and the union has found that its integrity depends upon the check-off.

The Department of Labor has recently published figures showing that there has been a rise in prices of life's necessities over one year ago approximating ten per cent. The miners' wage demands do not reveal any motive for bettering their living standard as they want only ten per cent, which, according to the labor department's statistics, amounts to asking for a wage consistent with maintaining their purchasing power and does not seek its extension. There are other demands, however, in addition to this one and the one for the check-off which are forward moves, such as no longer paying for their tools, and for openings every 150 feet to provide the men air and breathing space.

It has been estimated that bituminous miners may join the strike, but unless the miners learn from the lessons of solidarity in England it is doubtful that they will give their aid by ceasing work. Lack of solidarity has whipped the miners before in many struggles, and the district divisions militate

against them just as do trade union divisions in the organizations of the old school of unionism. When the miners lay down their tools they should do so as one man and refuse to dig any more coal until their demands are granted whether they affect only one district or the entire industry. At this time there are thousands of union miners on strike in West Virginia. Mine strikes by districts are often long and bitter conflicts characterized by excessive hardships. How long would the miners of West Virginia have to strike if the union to which they belonged stood with them as a union should, to the last man?

Added to the internal difficulty of organizational form is the fact that with the pits piled high with mountains of coal the bosses are not hard hit so long as they can have that coal hauled. Here comes the opportunity for railroad and marine workers to demonstrate their solidarity. In England the very threat of such action brought the government to its knees, and it can be done here, too, if the workers have the hearts and the intelligence to stand together.

In such an eventuality they must be prepared to override the orders of their reactionary officials, and it is well for them to remember that John L. Lewis was yellow a few years ago when Federal Judge Anderson tied up the U. M. W. of A. treasury to prevent a coal strike. Lewis said, "We cannot fight our government." This is a patriotic note that has no place in the workers' class war tactics, and an understanding of the nature of the courts and the entire machinery of governmental administration tears away the cover of democratic tommyrot and reveals the government as the executive board of the industrial autocracy under which we exist. Opposition at all times to this autocracy is the business of class conscious workers.

The miners must learn to make their demands backed by their entire organization regardless of districts, and they are entitled to the immediate assistance of trans-

portation workers. So acting and supported they have the great opportunity of forming an unbeatable phalanx of labor, and a model for their fellow workers to follow.

The time for the proposed strike should have been set for the first of November, but September is quite an improvement over the policy of going out when the soft winds of spring and warm rains bring back the flowers and make people forget about the coal supply.

UNION CONSCIOUSNESS — When men and women enter into any organization the act itself is an exhibition of their faith in the salutary results to be derived from united action. It shows that they are conscious of a power peculiar to concerted effort that can not be wielded in any other manner. Workers banding together in economic association do so for the purpose of securing ends that are beneficial to them severally, but which they know are not to be reached by their acts as individuals.

Such awareness has not come to them mysteriously nor by any rapid revelation. The lessons of united action are very old but not so old as the failures of individuals who perished because they did not learn to cooperate with their own kind against forces that were greater than their individual strength. The history of labor unionism is comparatively brief, but it has driven home its lessons to those sufficiently intelligent to accept them. It is not part of our discussion to trace this history, yet it is important to note that unionism was from its inception attacked and outlawed by the ruling class and its governmental machinery. It won by tenaciously holding to its principles and by persevering in demonstrating its power. At length the new status which this attitude compelled was concluded to be one of the rights of labor. But rights are only acknowledged when they have been established by power.

Unionism is before all else a profession of faith in its efficacy born of past experience which gives us the right to expect and to predict further gains to our group when it functions as a group. Therefore, this admission of group superiority over individual

attempts embodies a loyalty to the group which is required of each of its members. Ours is the union group, the revolutionary industrial union membership, and to it we are primarily responsible. In the face of an armed foe we would not do anything to injure our own comrades in arms. Such an injury is correctly regarded as treason. Yet how many giving lip service to unionism fail to extend that real assistance which membership involves simply because they refuse to keep their individualism within bounds?

If the individual can forge ahead faster for his own material welfare without allying himself with his fellow workers then the union has nothing to offer him in this respect. But if, as most unionists realize, improvement of their individual condition is possible only by standing together with their fellow workers, then this recognition is not consistent with and must exclude rampant individualism. The union is a weapon designed for our class improvement; it is not an aggregation of free lances out to debate every proposition that arises to the point of an exhaustion precluding all hope for action. Neither is the union a place in which making baseless accusations against other members is to be indulged in with impunity. And it is not in existence to furnish an audience for the gratification of exhibitionism by individuals. These phases of action deleterious to unionism are specified because they seem to me to be of outstanding harm to our common interests.

When a man or woman enters the industrial union he or she thereby admits that such entrance is for the purpose of arriving at a goal which cannot be reached through individual effort. There is no other sound basis for joining, and the individual so associating himself with the organization should at all times think first of the welfare of the whole. He must constantly regard himself subordinate to that whole, and he comprehends its objects only in so far as he realizes that by sinking his own individuality into the union can he give that union his full measure of the strength which makes it effective.

Lack of this sense of proportion and

knowledge of the actual purpose of unionism on the part of certain individuals has always deprived it of their constructive potentialities, and frequently in a more positive way has it acted inimically to union welfare. You would not allow a member to disrupt one of your business meetings just to afford him the pleasure of self-expression. Then be ever alert to prevent individuals from disrupting your union for similar gratification. Whenever we have made any gains in organizing large numbers of the unorganized it was possible only because we were organized well within the union and general recognition existed of the group purpose.

CALIFORNIA JUSTICE.—A judge who gets off the bench and serves as witness for the prosecution; a defendant charged with corruption of a juror who never was a juror and whom the defendant never saw; a man sentenced to five years in prison for discharging the ordinary routine duties of secretary of a defense committee—these are some of the features of a trial recently concluded in Sacramento, Calif.

It was the third trial of Tom Connors for jury tampering; and it was perhaps the strangest specimen of California justice thus far offered by that strange State. To understand the situation it is necessary to go back to March, 1923. At that time there was a bill before the California Legislature to repeal the criminal syndicalism act. A number of liberal, labor, and radical organization circulated leaflets revealing the iniquitous workings of this wartime law and urging moral support of the repeal bill. Among these organizations naturally was the California branch of the General Defense Committee of the Industrial Workers of the World. Tom Connors as secretary signed and sent out some 20,000 of these leaflets. The names of the citizens addressed came from the telephone books of the various cities, and nothing beyond their names and addresses was known concerning them.

Now it chanced that at that time in Sacramento, the State capital, there was a trial for criminal syndicalism involving three

members of the I. W. W., Judge Charles O. Busick, and the Sacramento BEE. The BEE, rather a fair and well-edited paper in other respects, reserves its sharpest stings for the I. W. W. Its editorials are frequently incitements to violence against this organization which its owner, C. K. McClatchy, so ardently hates. Of this, more later; the real star of the drama is Judge Busick himself.

Charles O. Busick has a little more than a year still to run as judge of the Superior Court. He has tried nearly all the criminal syndicalism trials held in Sacramento, and has been regarded as uniformly unfair and prejudiced. On one occasion a change of venue was asked because of his bias; Judge Busick heard the evidence against Judge Busick, decided that Judge Busick was fair, and proceeded to try the case. It was in his court that defense witnesses were not permitted to testify, as not having knowledge proper to the case, unless they stated they were members of the I. W. W.; whereupon as they left the stand they were arrested on a criminal syndicalism charge, having confessed themselves members of the outlaw association. Their convictions have been upheld by the Supreme Court of California and the men are still in jail. Judge Busick is also the author of the famous anti-I. W. W. injunction, by which it becomes an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to be a member or officer of the I. W. W., and a man can be and has been sent to jail, without jury trial, in Los Angeles, hundreds of miles away, for violating an injunction issued by a judge in Sacramento. This injunction has been made permanent, and is still in force though nowadays seldom used.

To return to the criminal syndicalism trial in Sacramento. On the venire for the jury—Judge Busick **selects** his juries from the registered voters, as do other Sacramento judges; the panel is not drawn by lot—were two men, one named Arnold, the other Bennett (a literary coincidence having no relation to the intellectual standing of the venire). Neither of these men actually served on a criminal syndicalism

jury, and therefore neither was ever a jurymen in a position to be "tampered" with. But both of them, being in the Sacramento telephone book, received copies of the printed plea for repeal of the criminal syndicalism act sent out by Connors's office.

These leaflets they carried to Judge Busick, who thereupon secured the arrest of Connors on a charge of jury tampering, the leaflets being the only evidence against him. The first trial resulted in a disagreement, the second in a conviction and sentence of five years in San Quentin. After Connors had served more than a year he obtained a third trial, which has just ended in the same conviction and sentence. It is interesting to note that while the second trial was in process another man was tried for jury tampering in the little town of Woodland, near Sacramento. This man had introduced the defendant to a jurymen in a bootlegging case and solicited the best efforts of the juror in the defendant's behalf. He was convicted, and sentenced to—five days, as against Connors's five years!

When Connors's third trial started, with District Attorney J. J. Henderson and his assistant Renfro prosecuting, and another Henderson—R. W. Henderson, the blind labor attorney—acting for the defense, it was suddenly discovered that the prosecution had "lost" the evidence submitted at the previous trials—namely, the envelopes addressed to Bennett and Arnold containing the leaflets. The court immediately granted permission to use the transcript of one of the former trials as evidence. Every motion of the defense, including one for change of venue before the trial commenced, was overruled as if automatically. The judge himself assisted the prosecution liberally with advice and encouragement. "Aren't you going to object to that, Mr. Renfro?" was a phrase frequently on His Honor's lips.

Finally he abandoned his bench and took the witness stand to testify that he had been sent and had seen the envelopes and leaflets. Immediately the defense offered a motion that if the judge was going to act as a witness for the prosecution an-

other judge must occupy the bench. This motion was promptly denied, and when his testimony as witness had been heard by himself as judge, His Honor stepped back into the judicial seat. He justified this action by saying he had not physically left the bench—he had only stood up!

Meanwhile, during the five days of the trial, the Sacramento BEE poured forth news items and violent editorials against the I. W. W. and all its supposed works. The jurymen received the BEE regularly, and they all knew that Connors was a member of the I. W. W. This, however, was not "jury tampering," and no one has suggested arresting McClatchy.

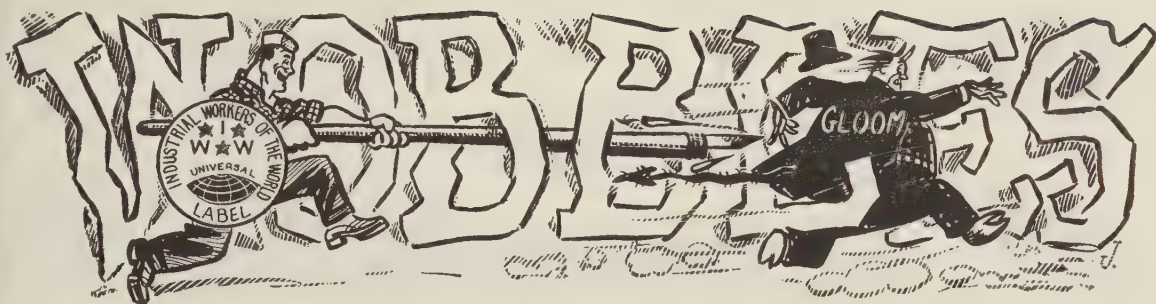
Tom Connors is a slight, boyish-looking fellow, appearing younger than his years of experience as lumber worker and labor organizer would seem to make him. He takes the situation with calmness and courage. But his philosophical acceptance of his personal suffering does not make the proceedings against him any less of a disgrace to the State of California and to the nation at large. "Tennessee justice" has become a phrase for laughter; "California justice" is something uglier.—(From THE NATION, August 12).

Read

INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE I.W.W.

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THE SKIN GAME

Q.—What is the difference between a muskrat and a wage slave?

A.—You can skin a muskrat only once.

A FATHER'S PRIDE

School Superintendent (examining a school in literature): John Jones, who wrote Hamlet?

John (scared to death): I don't know, sir!

Supt.: Billy Rogers, who wrote Hamlet?

Billy (tremblingly): Please, sir, I don't know.

Supt. (enraged at the ignorance): Willy Brown,

Willy: Please, sir, 'twas't me!

The superintendent, shocked at the ignorance, called on Willy's father to protest. "And I asked him who wrote Hamlet, and he said, 'Please, sir, 'twasn't me!' Think of it! Think of it!!!"

Father: Haw!!! Haw! Haw!! And here the little devil has been writin' it all the time! Boys will be boys!

LADYLIKE

A woman entered a London hospital, her face bleeding.

Nurse: Heavens, Madam, have you been attacked by a dog?

Woman: No, Madam, by another lady!

ATTENTION, NORDICS!

Those who pride themselves on pigmentation which is accidentally acquired and therefore no legitimate reason for pride, might profitably consider the following squib taken from an Indian paper:

"The inner feeling of the black races is humorously summed up a Panjabi poet in epigrammatic verse, in which he says that whereas a black spot on a white skin is considered a sign of beauty, a white spot on a black skin is regarded as a sign of disease."



"That's Lord Helpless. His family hasn't worked in 700 years." "SOME BUM!"

BUCOLIC REBUTTAL

A boy left the farm to get a job in the city. He wrote to his brother, who stuck to the farm, telling him of the joys of city life. He said.

"Thursday we autoed out to the country club where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the beach for the week-end."

The brother on the farm wrote back: "Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we poked until morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed until sundown. Then we suppered and piped for awhile. After that we stair-cased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clock fived."

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

One evening a farmer met his man with a lantern and asked him where he was going. "Courtin'," was the reply.

"Courting," said the farmer, "with a lantern? I never took a lantern with me when I went courting."

"Yes," replied the man, "An' look what you got."

OR WAR PAINT?

Johnnie.—Father, what are cosmetics?

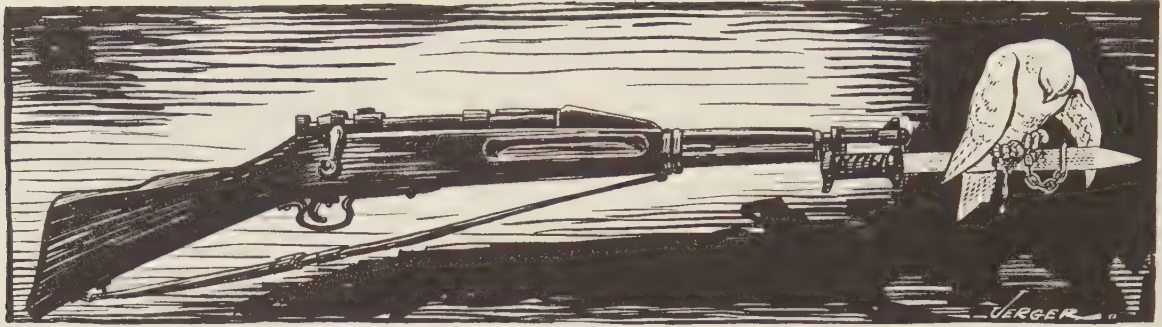
Father.—They are peach preserves.

YELLOW FAKIR TESTIFIES

J. H. THOMAS: When we are inclined to ignore public opinion it is as well to remember that in industrial warfare your leaders must adopt tactics, whether they like it or not. It is the only way in delicate matters like this. . . . If volunteers, blacklegs, managers, or whoever you like, are keeping the pits clear . . . no Government can stand by and allow them to be stopped, whether it be a Socialist, Labor, or any other sort of Government.

JUSTICE D ARLING: That ought to be recorded in letters of bronze!

SERGEANT SULLIVAN: It was spoken, my lord, in accents of brass.



The Business of Making Wars

By JOSEPHINE ELLSWORTH

WE had a world war to end war. Seventy million men were under arms and mobilized to wage that far-reaching conflict, with the Americans taking a very definite position regarding the idealistic phraseology of their schoolmarm standard bearer who styled the anti Teutonic efforts as a war to make the world safe for democracy. Millions of people really believed that they were opposing the Central Allies in the last of wars that were ever to afflict mankind, and that thereafter national differences and enmity growing out of balances of power would be smoothed out by arbitration.

The great war terminated seven years ago and today the standing armies of fifty-nine governments total 6,055,144 men, or a larger number than were armed just prior to the outbreak of the war in 1914. Now these men are not being trained in military operations just for the fun of the thing. They are not being given a form of physical training for the good of their health. They are under arms in readiness for the next war that can not be forestalled much longer. Indeed, only by the utmost efforts and the generally exhausted state of the world powers after the late difference has war been thus far averted.

The most widespread antagonism to military operations on fields of battle is not sufficient to bring about the abolition of warfare, although sentiment is a worthy fulcrum upon which to base the lever that can lift this scourge from the backs of the people. But this lever must be understanding, understanding of the causes of war without which knowledge there is no possibility of attacking the problem intelligently which means straight at the roots.

The number of intelligent people who know that rivalries are the stimuli to warfare is growing, but it is left to the radical to stress the need for first examining the causes of these commercial rivalries. It is no secret that America and her late allies are imperialist governments. But it seems to be beyond the power or the will of liberals who admit commercial rivalries as war's causes to go deep. It is not with fine phrases that colonial expansion

is made, but with material wealth, with gold and goods. Whence comes this wealth?

If you look about you in the United States, which is the most prosperous of the nations, you will find that the people are in want. Millions of them are forcibly unemployed, millions more are toiling for the barest subsistence. There are workers without homes, children without shoes, men and women hungry. This is the richest of all lands and in the land where the greatest degree of industrial efficiency is exacted of the working class. Such miseries as one observes and experiences in America are observable to an even greater degree in the imperialist states across the seas. Yet in all of these countries the workers, who are society's only useful members, produce an abundance of food, clothing and shelter.

But these workers produce a surplus value or a profit for the owners of industry which their meager wages will not permit them to buy back. In time this surplus mounts to such size that its reinvestment in domestic industry reaches the point of saturation. In the last thirty years America has been grasping for colonies and for markets in which to sell this surplus robbed from her slaves and to set up in far fields the machinery of exploitation that so well succeeds at home.

All of the world powers are playing the game. There are limits to markets and a definite extent of industrially developed territory as a prize. Capitalism can not exist except by expansion, and the natural outcome is that the contending empires get in each other's way. Wars follow.

Only one class is big enough to end warfare, and that class is great enough to end it because it is sufficiently powerful to end capitalism. As yet its power is not known to itself, its mission is still uncomprehended. But the development of the tools of production has at last reached a point which guarantees plenty to all when once the workers awaken and destroy the power of a minority over the whole race. This destruction can be achieved by no other method than that of seizing the land and the industries and operating them for the welfare of all.

Sammy's Successor

By L. S. COMMONS

WHEN Samuel Gompers was laid in a grave beside his friends Andrew Carnegie and William Rockefeller in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the matter of presidential succession in the American Federation of Labor might have aroused some concern in the breasts of surviving capitalists who had been so greatly dependent on the alliance between themselves and the fallen fakir, and who expressed their genuine grief in the newspapers. There was, however, no cause for protracted anxiety because Sam's successor, Mr. William Green, said that what was good enough for Sam was good enough for him. This, in effect, was a declaration that no structural changes in the Federation would be made and no proposals for such changes even listened to. It meant that unions affiliated with the Federation would be sent in to fight industrially united employers one trade at a time. It meant that the old weapon of the bow and arrow is regarded as sufficiently effective against a barrage of heavy artillery and machine gun fire. It signified that radicalism was to be kept down and thrown out and declared by the Federation to be subversive not only of our glorious national institutions, blasphemous and irreligious, destructive of that sacred bond between workers and their bosses, but of the workers' best interests because it seeks to sever this very bond.

But why should Mr. Green care about perfecting new weapons when by virtue of his trade union salary and other emoluments he is not a member of the working class? When workers give their officials life-time sinecures with ten to twenty-five thousand dollar salaries per year they have voted these men out of their class. No longer does that official live the life of the worker. He has the means to live as employers do. Presently he makes investments, and becomes a capitalist in fact. The late Warren Stone, who was president of the Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood, was heavily interested in West Virginia coal mines, and he, as part of a company organized by the union, fought the Unit-

ed Mine Workers in that state. Have they not gone into banking, these unions of labor aristocrats?

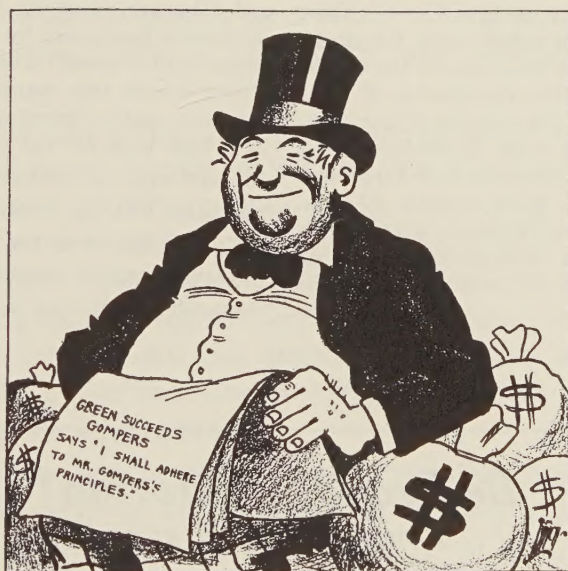
In commenting on the meeting to celebrate its second anniversary, the Federation Bank of New York, one of these labor banks, has this to say through the medium of a press sheet sent to labor publications:

"It was a unique occasion in which the stockholders and directors of the bank received the congratulations of President Coolidge, Secretary of the

Treasury Mellon and President Green of the American Federation of Labor on the success of their institution."

This bank says that it has resources amounting to \$11,078,000.

The business of banking is one of exploitation and here we have the spectacle of labor unions of the A. F. of L. entering the field. Not much room for solidarity from them! With their resources largely invested in industrial enterprises, factories, mills, mines and the like, we can expect again to



The Good News!

witness these unions with banks fighting to reduce wages in the mines or the manufacturing plants where the money is invested. And, so, it is hailed with delight, this anti-union departure in the Federation, by such stalwart friends of labor as the strikebreaking president of this country, and by Mr. Green, who is out to follow in the footsteps of that arch-enemy of the working class, Samuel Gompers.

It is not surprising in this light that Mr. Green recently "opposed" the ten per cent wage cut decreed for the slaves of the American Woolen Company in language that was never excelled even by Sammy himself—and Sammy, you know, was vice-president of the National Civic Federation, the country's leading exponent of class collaboration. It was, of course, Mr. Green's business to protest against the reduction, and he declared the company's action to be "economically and morally wrong." We suppose that the moral tone is meant to convey an idea that it is not nice nor fair to starve the slaves

any more than they are being starved, and Green declares that, "Your action represents the power of force and might." Of course it does, Bill. When did the action of capitalist concerns ever represent anything else?

President Green well knows upon what fundament rests the prestige and the ability of employers, but things are going along all right for him, and he acquits himself by writing whining letters to powerful corporations instead of calling for the united textile workers to strike against encroachment. "There's the rub!" Such organization as exists in the textile industry is not united so far as the workers are concerned. Of course the textile bosses are! They have already posted notices of similar wage cuts on the walls of their mills, following the example of the American Woolen company.

The American Federation of Labor would have, if at all, a host of distinct unions each for itself, with separate contracts, and when one of the unions struck it could fight alone while the other A. F. of L. unionists would work with the strikers if not actually performing the struck work themselves. The history of this organization abounds with such cases and in Chicago at this time there is an A. F. of L. union, the United Garment Workers, whose members are scabbing on the Amagamated Clothing Workers. Green has gone on record favoring the scabbing outfit.

At the time of the first I. W. W. convention Thos. W. Rowe, then president of the American Flint Glass Workers' Union, attended as a delegate and in his speech mentioned that the A. F. of L. had sent scabs to Brooklyn to take the places of members of the A. F. G. W. U. on strike, and that these scabs had done so. He also said that when this treacherous action was protested to the executive board of the A. F. of L. the board said that the procedure was all right, that union men from one locality had been sent to another to fill the complement of union men needed in a factory in this other locality. So it is seen that the Federation was just as bad then as it is now.

The whole history of the American Federation is one showing that trade union divisions are favorable to employers and admit of no labor solidarity. Samuel Gompers spent his long life in perfecting the autocratic machinery by which the officialdom of his organization should continue in power. William Green knows this machinery; he is a part of the machine, and he knows where his bread is buttered. It is high time for the workers to learn in the textile and other industries that their bread will have no butter and the bread itself may do a disappearing act if they wait for letters from Green to their masters charging "immorality" to employers to get them what they need or what they desire.

Be Proud, California!

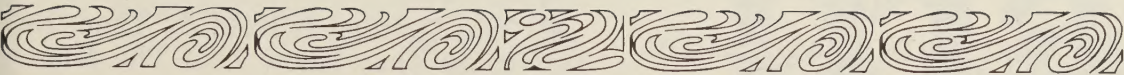
By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

BE proud, California!
Have ye not reason to be?
San Quentin and Folsom
Are accounted to thee.

Be proud, California!
Thy mountains and plains
Are enhanced by the justice
Of Connors in chains.

Be proud, California!
Of thy Dymond and Coutts,
Thy bosses like Caesars,
Thy judges like brutes.

Be proud, California!
Our praises are loud.
Thou lovely and damned,
We say it—be proud!



Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.


Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

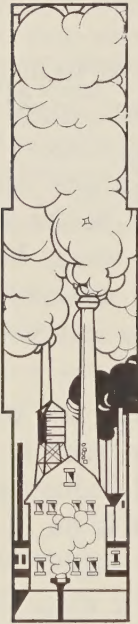
Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



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Published"—This Is What
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